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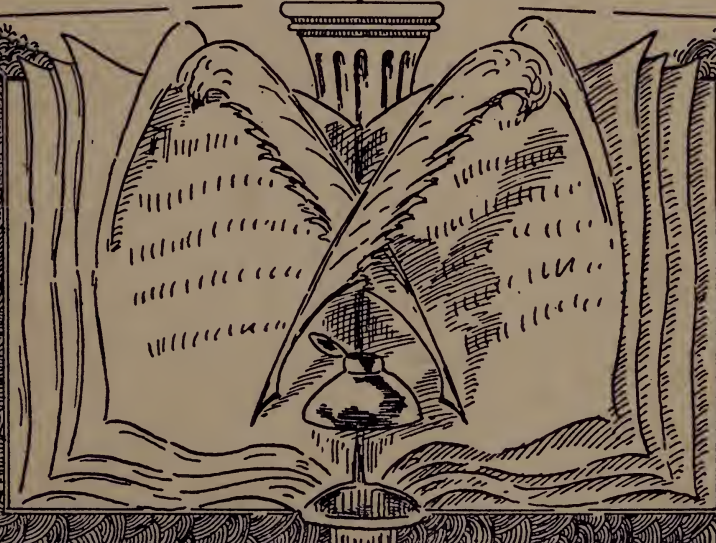
CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE

VOL. 26 [i.e. 31]
Oct. 1927-Dec. 1927

Nos. 1-3 only

Lacks all after No. 3

The Chronicle



Vol. XXVI. No. 1 V, 31

October, 1927

C L E M S O N

VOLUME ~~XXXI~~ ~~XXVI~~
NUMBER 1

OCTOBER
1927



The Chronicle

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TERMS: Issued monthly, with the exception of July, August and September. Twenty-five cents per copy, two dollars per term. Entered at the Clemson College Post-Office as second-class matter.

THE GOAT

E. E. HIGGINS, '29

Joe Will Hodges came out of a somnambulant atmosphere of automobile rides, violet blue eyes and brown hair, a sweet motherly face, a proud father's gloating "see my son Ed" attitude, and two kid brothers staring in open-eyed wonder at a big brother who was actually captain of a football team. Joe wondered why Ed had ever noticed him in the first place. But when he had visited Ed's happy little home and known the sweet, quiet atmosphere which prevailed there, had met his mother and read in her that tender love which she held for her son, and had heard his father preach on Sunday morning, he understood. You see, Joe Will had been home with his roommate for the week-end.

Oh, Ed's family had been poor all right, but he had not seemed to mind that. Why a fellow with a sister like his should not care if the whole world fell in a heap. And those kid brothers! Gabriel might have a silver trumpet, and the archangels might have golden harps, but Joe felt sorry for anybody who had never had two kid brothers feel approvingly your muscle, frame your picture in the newspaper, and finger your block "F", as if they were the jasper walls themselves. Yes, if a man ever had it soft, Ed surely had.

Joe's musing was interrupted by the sound of footsteps ap-

proaching up the hall. They stopped just outside his door, and he recognized the voice of Ed as he argued with another boy. Yes, he was right again; the other boy was Jack,—the Jack from his home town who envied his playing regular varsity football while he was only a scrub. The self-centered Jack who accomplished his own ends at the expense of others, and who was pampered at home and given any and every thing he desired.

"But Jack," Ed complained, "I don't believe he took it."

"Well then, Ed, if you can, explain why the book was in his room. There were papers in it too; with Joe Will's name on them, and he was looking for the book at the library last week."

"Still, I can't believe he took it. I have too much confidence in Joe for that."

"Well, it's a helluva thing to get messed up in. Why do you reckon he didn't carry it back when the notice was read out in chapel?"

"I dunno," replied Ed contemptingly.

"Let me tell you something else, Ed. Joe Will was adopted by Professor Hodges after his parents, who were petty thieves, had been killed in a drunken brawl in a slum district. Father became interested before he made the adoption because he was a sociol-

ogy teacher and a friend of the professor. He and the professor had a discussion about Joe which resulted in father's advancing the theory that like produces like. Old man Hodges wouldn't agree; so the result was a bet, with father upholding his point that Joe would turn out to be the same kind his parents were."

Ed was tired of discussing his roommate in this manner, and took advantage of the break in Jack's conversation.

"Well, I'll see you later, Jack."

Jack walked away up the hall toward his own room, and Ed slowly opened the door and entered his. He noticed Joe and nodded to him, but whatever his thoughts were, he did not choose to divulge them to his roommate. Instead, he sat down near a window and feigned studying. A little later, Joe Will received a telephone call and left without telling where he was going.

It was well dark when Joe returned, and it was quite obvious to Ed that he was drunk. He staggered in to the room and sank into a chair. His lip curled as he began talking:

"And so I'm a thief, huh? 'Cause my mother and father were thieves. And Professor Hodges took me on a bet, did he? Too bad, Prof., you had to lose your bet,—and it your first one, too. Oughta had a streak of beginners' luck. Whatcha say Ed?

Without raising his head and eyes from the floor, Ed calmly re-

plied, "I say take off your clothes and get to bed. You'll feel better tomorrow."

"Whatda I wanta feel better for? Ain't I got all day tomorrow? Don't meet classes for a long time. Suspended, don'tcha know. Got to pack the little going-away bag tonight, see?"

"Joe! The deuce you are!"

"Well, my doom's not signed and sealed. Jury 'bout half divided when I left. Got to meet 'em in the mornin'. See the hand writin' on the wall, all right. Musta been a helluva feelin' Belshazzar had that night. But Lord, what difference does that make? He's dead and six thousand calves have grazed on his grave since then. Lord what difference does it make—?"

"Well, it does make a difference, Joe. And all the student government boards from Timbuctoo to Kalamazoo can't make me believe that you did something dishonorable—"

"Dishonorable! You're mighty polite! Just call spades spades. You don't believe I stole, huh? And didn't two of the board see me looking for that book last Monday? Good memories they have. Their mothers and fathers must have specialized in memory training. Seems like heredity makes or breaks a man. Well me an' Belshazzar had hard luck, we did."

"Joe, just this one time I want to talk about this, then I won't mention it any more. It doesn't

make any difference to me what your father and mother did or were. Joe, can't you explain? You didn't take that book—!"

"Explain hell! Did you ever try to explain to a board? Eyes, eyes, eyes, every man had six thousand eyes, and they glued right on me. Green eyes, black eyes, blue eyes! Yes, if they'd been gimlets, I'd be a sieve now. Explain—oh Lord! In America you may be innocent until you're proved guilty, but I'll swear, before a college board you're guilty till you prove yourself innocent. And say, Ed, if the band goes to the station with me to give me a send-off, have them play the Alma Mater."

"Aw can that and get to bed! The board's not going to send you home."

But they did. In the voice in which the preacher reads over the fresh clay and the tube roses, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust", the dean read that J. W. Hodges was suspended from college for three weeks. No, the college orchestra did not accompany him to the station. The fair-weather friends did not drop by to say good-bye, either. Except for Ed, no one seemed to notice his going. The Omnipresent Recorder of Deeds perhaps has on Jack's page an account of how he stood at his window and watched Joe's departure as a cat complacently speculates on the feathers of a sparrow she had just eaten.

"Sunset and the evening star, and—" Professor Hodges turned from his reading and arose to greet the boy when he recognized him. He noticed that Joe was embarrassed, sad, and depressed.

"I'm pleasantly surprised to see you, my boy, but why are you here? Have you been ill? You look pale. Is there anything the matter?"

Then followed the story of the book, of the board's decision, and everything, but the professor could not grasp it all.

"Well, you see the book was in our room and either Ed took it or I took it. Well, if I did and got shipped, it was all right. 'Course you've been mighty decent to me, and I've no right to disgrace you, but—well, you just haven't been to Ed's home—you haven't seen his mother and you haven't heard his father pray to God to keep Ed safe and make him an upright, honest man. But the way those two kid brothers worshipped him—Lordy, Lordy!"

"But, Joe, you didn't take the book?"

"Oh No, I didn't. But what difference did that make to the board?"

"Well that's all I wanted you to say. You didn't take the book, and yet you were willing to be the goat for your friend. And for how long are you suspended?"

"Three weeks."

"And then what?"

"Anything to suggest?"

"Nothing."

Well, a three-minute summary of the remainder of that year was very pithily made in one of Joe Will's letters to the professor, as follows:

"--of course it's been hell. I knew before I came back it would and I guess you did too. I'm glad now I decided for myself to come back. If I could have put the responsibility on you, I might have revolted any minute since I got back. We started spring football practice yesterday, and the team for next year looks good already. I want you to come up to the big Augustine game next year. I may get to play, at least I hope so. We're pointing for that game especially."

* * *

The next session was begun with enthusiasm, and soon Joe was concentrated in his efforts to make the team. The incident of last year was burried hopelessly under the activities of the present. Days and weeks of strenuous practice developed the Fremont eleven into a formidable team, until then they were prepared for the big game of the season.

In the training room Joe Will sat clad ready for the game. His thoughts turned to the game and he mused over the prospects.

"So it's up to me," he thought, "and Ed, and Tommy, and Flint to carry the ball—and maybe Jack. No, by God, he shan't either! My ancestors were thieves, huh? So I am one? Well, he'll find they were something else too.

They were worms, and it's now their time to turn. My patron saint was Nero, who fiddled while Rome burned and enjoyed warming his hands. Darned if you don't warm the bench today, and that means that a fine new Spaulding sweater still doesn't have a block "F" on it. And the fine mama and papa coming to see the game too. And the son has a reserved seat right on the bald-head row. I mean he's gonna keep it, too. Sweatheart'll be there I guess,—darned little simp; what she finds in him is more than I can see. When the band plays "Hail the Conquering Hero Comes", they can just focus their glasses a little lower, for their conquering hero will be sitting on the bench.

Banners were floating; pennants and colors were flying. The crowds were cheering their favorite of the teams and booing their opposing team's supporters across the grid. The cheer leaders danced like madmen before a crowd eager for the game to commence. Howls, yells, shrieks, pandemonium itself reigned as the teams trotted onto the field. A few minutes of passing and kicking the ball, and then they gathered for their final conference before the game.

On one side of the field an earnest coach gave his last words of warning to a well-groomed team. On the other side was a team without a coach—a flock of sheep without a leader, unless you're willing to count Joe Will as

the goat. The coach called him the goat when he talked with him last night at the infirmary: "Every sheep herder has a goat in his herd. Sheep follow a goat, cause a goat is uncanny. Seldom gets them into danger. He's a good fighter, too. He sticks to the last." Lord yes, he had been the goat. That role was not new to him; he had been a goat since "Tin Can Alley" days, when he had fought with both eyes on the foe, while the other boys fought with one eye on the foe and the other on the policeman on the corner.

That century during which the timekeepers adjusted their watches finally passed. The referee's whistle sounded and the teams lined up on the field. Fremont had won the toss and chose to kick-off. Standing upright in his position, his legs a little apart, his hands on his hips waiting for the game to begin, Joe suddenly turned his head toward the sidelines. He could see the blanketed row of substitutes. He strained his eye, trying to make out the figure of Jack. Until now he had not thought about him at all—that is, not since he had left the dressing-room.

In the tumble of the grim, pitiless struggle, the dominating figure upon a gridiron surrounded by nearly twenty-five thousand spectators, alternately tense and vibrant in the thrall of the game, was Joe Will Hodges. The strength and driving power of his big, oaken frame, the cool and

calculating, yet dynamic precision of everything he did, whether it was leading interference or breaking it up, or tackling all over the field, had marked him as outstanding.

The game came to the end of the half. Neither team had scored so closely matched were the two elevens, but the fortunes of the contest shifted dramatically, often speculatively, between the five-yard lines. Ed was finishing his talk to the team in the training room:

"Fellows, we've got to win this game. It's our duty to Coach, for one, to win it. He's sick and can't be here to advise us. We're on our own. Augustine has beaten us for three years straight. Now we've got to beat Augustine. We've got to. It's more than football; more than sport. It's pride and college spirit. You've been here long enough; you know. That's all. Gang, let's go out there and fight."

Jack stopped Joe as he started out. He stood quivering as he watched the others walk away, vainly, helplessly seeking the words he wanted to say, the proper words, the fitting words, to show the attitude he now took. His breath caught in a sob. Turning suddenly, his voice came to him.

"Joe—Joe; I'm—I'm a fool. I put that book in your room and stuck the papers in it. I—I—apologize. I'm sorry. It was my own rotten selfishness that made

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VOL. 26 [i.e. 31]
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me do it. I've had everything I've wanted all my life; that is, everything that money could buy."

Joe placed his hand on Jack's shoulder, "That's all over, Jack. We've got a football game to play now."

He caught Jack by the arm. His voice broke suddenly, "Come, let's get out of here."

It was in the last of the third quarter, when Joe was about to crouch in the reforming line-up that Ed tapped him on the shoulder. The captain's face was wet with perspiration, streaked with dirt; blood was flowing from a cut on his cheek. He had been giving his all.

"Joe, I'm weak. I can't go any longer. I've played out. It'll be better now for you to get a sub for me. I can't last."

Calling to the referee and explaining that a substitute was wanted. Joe placed his arms around Ed's waist and helped him toward the side-lines, not waiting for any of the substitutes on the bench to come upon the field.

"Here, take care of Ed, fellows. He's just tired and worn down. Jack,—come here. Get out here and take Ed's place."

On the very first play, Jack tackled an Augustine back so hard that he dropped the ball, but it was recovered for Augustine. A little later Joe intercepted a forward pass which Augustine had tossed from their own thirty-five yard line and carried it

back to the fifteen yard line before he was tackled. The great moment of the game had come. The time had come for the Fremont eleven, which in this period had been gaining mastery, to strike. Jack struck the quarter a resounding slap on the back and Joe smiled back. Signals were called, and Jack plunged into the line, with Joe knifing in after him and plunging for six yards before he was thrown. An end run brought no gain, but a little forward pass lob over center netted four, while the stadium rocked with tumult.

There was a brief pause between quarters. The goal loomed five yards away. The signals sounded hoarsely, and Joe launched his big shoulders into the ribs of the opposing guard, hurled him to one side, then shot into the backfield, spreading destruction. And then, while all creation seemed to tremble, Jack made the touchdown! The drop-kick for the extra point went wild.

A fat, bald-headed grad in a blue checked shirt on the front row gave his neighbor a tremendous nudge in the side with his elbow.

"Hell's bells!" he said, "See that darn fool quarter? Had the chance of his life to shine, and here he gives the ball to that goofy knocker."

"Savin' hisself, maybe," said a companion drummer from Milwaukee.

The game was now well into the fourth quarter. Augustine had elected to kick-off. Fremont had received, and lost the ball on downs; and after then, they sec-sawed near midfield with neither team having any advantage. Then something happened. Hucos pocus, Augustine opened the bag of tricks and let out a new one. A double reverse pass caught Fremont off guard, and before they knew it, an Augustine back was flashing down the field. The execution had been fast and flawless. He had now outrun a half dozen pursuers and had passed everyone except Joe, who was playing safety. Running with all abandon, his eyes half closed with the intensity of his effort, his shoulder and chest muscles flexed like steel. Joe cut diagonally across the field to meet the fleet back. The back saw him just in time to thrust out a hand. But he had not accurately estimated the ferocity of the onset. His outstretched palm glanced off the driving head, and the next instant Joe's arms slipped around his legs, sending him to the ground with a bang. Almost simultaneously with the tackle came the blowing of the referee's whistle which ended the game.

Joe rose slowly to his feet. As in a dream he saw the things about him; then he shook his head to clear it. The man had missed a touchdown by a mere foot. The crowd was swirling down upon the field from the con-

crete heights. Jack glanced at his teammates, now huddling into a group. He moved over to them as their tired voices rose in a chere for Augustine, standing with mouth closed until the crescendo of the yell was reached, when he threw back his head and joined in with his husky voice. And then, as the cheer ended, something seemed clogging in his throat, and his eyes were filled with moisture.

Joe had broken from the group of teammates who sought to lift him upon their shoulders. Something akin to a feeling of sickness had come over him too. He picked up a blanket, and then, forgetting everything but his desire to get away, he started on a dead run for the dressing-room.

"Joe! Joe!" He stopped dead in his tracks as the almost pleading voice of Jack came to his ears. "Joe!" Jack came breathlessly up to him admiring him with liquid eyes. "Joe you were deliberately the goat today—and—and all for me."

"Yes, but forget it. I'm used to being a goat now. Don't think my patron saint was Nero after all—think he must have been a goat." And Joe smiled a queer wistful smile that bespoke of something deeper than words.

Jack's muscles jerked taut. His fingernails bit into his hands; his eyes peered into the distance but flashed fire; the corner of his mouth twisted in its own peculiar manner. "Yes, damn it," he said

deliberately, "you've been a goat, a hard hitting soft hearted goat. but you're coming out of the goat class now, Joe. Time about is fair play." He wheeled about and started at a dog trot towards the administration building.

"What do you mean?" demanded Joe starting after him.

"I mean that I'm going to tell the dean who took that book!"

"But Jack, you——"

"But hell! It's all been butts for you—now I'm going to butt you out of the butting class!"

"Wait, Jack, wait——"

But Jack didn't hear. He was butting his way through the crowd towards the dean's office.

And the very next day Professor Hodges collected a bet.

THE OAK

JOHN C. GALLOWAY, '29

Oh, to create the beauty I feel
Of an old thing dear to me,
The oak standing on the hill
As proud as it can be.

Two hundred years it's stood there
Through storm, rain, and snow;
Thousands of people have passed there,
And as many have seen it grow.

Poets have written of its beauty,
Its charm that will ever live;
Artists have called it a treasure
The sweetest that nature can give.

THE ESSAY

G. S. HUTCHINS, '28

In an essay the writer reflects himself, his thoughts, and his ideals. And in writing this he, of a necessity, develops style. Style may be developed in many ways. By extensive reading we can accumulate a variety of style and develop a sort of combination which shall be our own.

The essay, by its very nature, is essentially prose. It is interesting to note that the first real prose in English was the King James version of the Bible. But being translated from Hebrew poetry as it was, it kept some of the poetic vein. This is especially noticeable in Job, Psalms, Ecclesiastes, and Song of Solomon.

As a precedent to the essay there was developed a story-telling form of writing as "Decameron" by Boccaccio and "The Arabian Nights."

Then came the first real English essay by Bacon. He wrote in a fine conversational, pithy, and epigrammatic style. Bacon developed his style by the use of a note book, in which he wrote down gleanings of his daily conversation with all his associates. Next came Milton with his prose poetry style based on the Old Testament of the Bible. Bunyon followed with his allegorical style based on the parables of the New Testament.

But the first readable and enjoyable essays were the "Spectator" papers and the "Tatler" by Addison and Steele. These be-

came quite popular and are still excellent reading matter. Johnson and Goldsmith were ponderous in their handling of the essay, but Charles Lamb produced the perfect style.

To emphasize style again, satire is a very keen instrument in the hands of an artisan and

Swift was satire personified. But the Lyrical style is the more beautiful style, and it was De Quincy who excelled in this until John Ruskin finally surpassed him. Matthew Arnold reverts to the classical Greek. Style is a frame in which a writer places his portrait. Some one has said that style is the artistic texture of language, but in reality, style is more important in presentation than in the subject matter itself. "Style is not the dress of thought, but the incarnation." A man may become an artist in the use of words. An intelligent reader can recognize a writer's style just as a musician can recognize the style of a composer although he may have never heard the particular composition. In developing our use of this glorious English Language with its marvelous resources of expression in its incomparable figures, we can become writers of beautiful music, for truly language becomes music at the end of some writers' pens, and dipping our literary brush in the vast medium of thought and expression we may paint the most beautiful picture, for word pictures are truly works of art.

SUICIDE COMPANY

HARPER GAULT, '28

"So help me God, I will never trust another woman" were the words which slipped between Kent's clinched teeth as he strode down the walk from Edith's house. He was in such a state of mind that that he was hardly conscious of what he was saying. All that seemed real to him now was an impulse to get away from everything. Where? It didn't matter.

Kent Hendrix had worshipped Edith Wharton. But Edith had been cruel, heartlessly cruel. She had played with him and led him on. Of course she had not cared for him, but it was great sport to lead him to believe that she was, in a measure, returning his affection. And it had been easy too. Kent had trusted her above all others, and he had had the utmost faith in her. But now, when he had bared his soul to her—she had laughed in his face. Here was another notch in her belt. That was all it meant to Edith.

* * *

All during the afternoon there had been a lull in the enemy's usually incessant fire. Kent lay flat on the ground beside his machine gun. He was "number two" of a machine gun squad.

"Fritz will be over pretty soon now," the gunner shouted in Kent's ear; "been gettin' ready all day."

An almost hideous grin spread over Kent's handsome face.

"Here's hoping," he shouted back.

When war had broke out with Germany, Hendrix had been with the first to enlist and go over with the Canadian forces. Here was a chance to leave it all behind, to forget, to forget there ever was a woman.

When he had asked for service in a machine gun company, they had marveled at him. Men seldom asked for this. A machine gunner in a so-called "suicide company," he learned, had no chance at all. The average life of a gunner in battle is said to be thirty minutes. But Kent never wavered. What cared he for such overwhelming odds? "The sooner, the better," he told himself.

And he had faced death at every turn without flinching. Life held nothing for him. But he was no coward and he did not shun his duty for the sake of getting it over in a hurry. He was known for his daring, because he was not afraid to die. And die like a man he would.

Fritz did come over. Kent fed belt after belt of ammunition as his gun spoke in that unceasing rapidity so dreaded by the Hun. Kent's gun and the other machine gun of the platoon were laying down a "scissors" of fire. Kent watched men reach the final protective line and then

fall as the overlapping fire of the two guns mowed them down. Here was a combination which meant terror to an enemy, two machine guns working steadily together.

Suddenly Kent noticed that the other gun had ceased to fire. In less than half a minute it opened up again. This meant only one thing. Suicide company was taking its toll. There had been a change of gunners. Someone had to be replaced. Although it was dark now, Kent could discern the position of his brother gun. And by the light of the continual burst of shell he could see that the inevitable was soon to happen to the other gun. Fritz had located the gun and was now making quick work of doing away with it. An automatic rifleman and a grenadier were all that was necessary to put the gun out of commission. The grenadier engaged the fire on one flank, while the rifleman came up on the other.

Kent imparted this information to his gunner. The gun was trained to give mutual support to the gun which was being besieged. But it was too late. The other gun ceased to fire and remained silent. The automatic rifleman had done his work.

"Not a chance in the world," groaned the man at Kent's gun; "one gun is no match for them. They've got us now, soon as they locate our nest."

Kent thought a minute; then

that gun," he told the gunner; "I'm going over there and handle that gun," he told the gunner, "better to have two guns going than two men at one gun."

"Not a chance buddy," returned the gunner; "it's instant death to start over there now, and besides they're most likely waitin' for us to try and get to the gun anyhow."

"Going to try it anyhow," Kent was already scrambling out of the hole.

Running and falling, from cover to cover Kent made a dash for the other machine gun. Sometimes he was crawling, again he was lying flat awaiting a chance to make another dash. The gun was less than fifty yards away now, but the intermediate area was constantly being shelled. Kent lay as if frozen to the ground in a shell hole and watched for the opportune moment to start that last perilous run.

Somehow now, with the stark reality of death staring him square in the face, Kent realized how sweet is life. Lying there in a shelled area looking straight into the jaws of death, he wanted for the first time to live. No longer could he feel that the world owed him something. All that was gone now. Just to be able to live and breathe freely again was all he desired. Then a vision of Edith Wharton crowded itself into his memory. Kent gritted his teeth. He would live. Live to show

them that he could live without her.

Now he was running to the next hole. He fell twice before he again reached cover. Now the gun was less than fifteen yards away. Kent made a final spurt and fairly dived into the gun nest just as a shell burst a scant five yards behind him.

Kent took a fresh belt of ammunition and, passing the brass tag thru the slot in the gun, he opened fire. He knew that when the two hundred and fifty rounds of the belt had been spent he would have to cease firing long enough to reload. But he figured that one of the two guns would be in action all the time. He knew that the "Tommies" were building up the line behind him and that he would eventually receive reinforcements.

The fire of the gun was as music to Kent's ear. Then without warning it stopped. Kent's hand automatically flew to the belt, all right there; he drew back the bolt—a ruptured cartridge. Kent sought a clearing plug in the supply kit. Finding one, he placed it on the bolt and let it ride slowly forward.

A hand grenade burst a few feet in front of him and threw its shower about him. Another burst to his right. They were after him this time. Kent drew his heavy automatic and crouched beside his gun. Just as he expected, a rain of bullets fell about him as the automatic rifle,

which always worked with the grenades, opened fire. Kent peered over the edge of his position but could see nothing. He let it slide home and removed the defective cartridge. Then he deliberately opened a sweeping fire in the direction the sound of the rifle had come. Another grenade burst quite near, but the rifle on the opposite flank was quiet. Kent smiled grimly. One was out of the way, but soon they would be hot after him again. But, he meditated, if he could hold his own a while longer, perhaps the line behind him would be sufficient to give him aid. Maybe they could plant another machine gun.

So for over an hour Kent fired burst after burst from his gun. The Germans had retired before the deathly rain of machine gun fire and were now concentrating on heavy fire from the trenches and from the big guns in the rear.

Then all the fire from the artillery save that of the long distance guns stopped. Kent knew the meaning of this. Fritz was going to come out again, and this time he was coming strong. Kent knew his ammunition was not sufficient to meet such an attack. His only hope was for assistance from the rear.

Here they came. Again two machine guns overlapped fire and held them in hand. But it was not for long. Kent fired his last belt of ammunition and

dropped back behind his gun. Suddenly he sensed a stinging sensation in the shoulder and for an instant everything was dark. Then as he again opened his eyes, someone crawled into the hole beside him. Help had come!

Kent lay on his right side and again fed the gun. Someone else was operating the gun now. The "Tommies" had finally arrived with reinforcements for the defense. Kent was faint from pain and the loss of blood. His new comrad had tried to do something for him, but Kent had insisted that they expend their every effort in keeping the gun in operation.

Kent never knew when Fritz gave up the attack. For a while he was conscious of the continual firing of his own gun. Then everything was darkness. The fact that he alone had been instrumental in holding on until the Englishment were able to withstand the attack never occurred to him.

Seventy-two hours later Kent opened his eyes and gazed about the ward of an army hospital. And for days all he did was lie in a morbid stupor and look at the ceiling. There was talk of blood poison, an operation. But Kent was unconscious of all that was happening.

Kent mended slowly. It was seven weeks before he was able to leave the hospital. But there would be no more Suicide Company for Kent. The right sleeve

of his coat hung limp and empty at his side. On the day of his departure from the hospital Kent sat in the doctor's office and tried as best he could to thank the doctor for what he had done for him.

"Yes", Dr. Watson, the surgeon of the place, told him, "We were fortunate in amputating the arm before more serious complications set in. But there is someone else to whom you owe your life."

"I do not understand," said Kent, "I thought you performed the operation yourself."

"So I did," replied the surgeon, "but here's something which happened that you do not know about. The night they brought you here, you were absolutely helpless, dead to the world. We placed you in a room by yourself until we could attend to you. Well, that same night there was an air attack. See where that wing of the building is smashed in? Your room was on the first floor of that wing. When the first part of the building collapsed we began moving all the patients over into this part. We thought everyone was out. But you were left behind. A timber had barred the way to your room and for a time we forgot all about the new patient.

"One person, however, did not forget. It was one of the nurses. She had seen you placed in the room, and she alone remembered

that you were there. It was a miracle I guess. But she went into that room and dragged you out over the debris. I don't know how she did it, and I don't believe she knows herself. It was miraculous I tell you. And two minutes later the whole affair caved in just like you see it now. You see the Germans were bombing the ammunition dump which was over there beyond that wing. Anyway when the dump blew up, you had scarcely been taken from the doomed wing."

"A woman, you say?" Kent asked.

"Yes, she is a splendid nurse. She left, however, the week you

came. I'm sorry you did not get a chance to thank her."

"So am I," Kent answered "but let me tell you. This row we're into has certainly worked wonders with me. My eyes are opened. I used to hate women. all of them. I came over here to die. But now—" Kent awkwardly brushed aside a tear with his left arm. "But now I'm glad God has spared me. Glad that I shall live to thank a woman for saving my life. And I'll tell her how my opinion about women has changed. What did you say her name is?"

"She gave her name as Wharton," replied the surgeon, "Miss Edith Wharton."



JUST THINKING

P. H. NEYNOLDS, '28

I returned one day to my old home town, where I roamed
in my boy-hood days;
I sought for the friends that once were mine, but they had
parted in various ways.
I went to the haunts that I knew so well,—they were yet as
they used to be;
The same old spots, but without the friends, that had been
so dear to me.

I sadly strolled along the old, old streets, unchanged from
the times gone by,
But then there was laughter, and then there was joy; while
now there's only a sigh.
I wandered down to the old mill-race, where we had such a
wonderful time,
A boy's true, hallowed, sacred place, where fishin' and swim-
min' were fine.

I love to think of the happiness then, which we had when
our hearts were true;
Of the times when we hoped someday to be men, not knowing
our bright days were few.
I often wonder if when life is o're, and a fellow has a seat
on high,
If he doesn't look back at this old UNIVERSE, with many a
heart-felt sigh.

JOHN C. CALHOUN, SOUTH CAROLINA'S EXPONENT OF STATES RIGHTS

M. A. JONES, '28

John Caldwell Calhoun, the fourth child of Patrick Calhoun and Martha Caldwell, was born at the Long Canes Settlement in South Carolina on March 18, 1782. Unfortunately his father died when Calhoun was only fourteen years old; so his early education was rather scanty. Later on, however, he had the opportunity of finishing Yale, and the Litchfield Law School in Connecticut. After further study under H. W. de Saussure, he was admitted to the bar in Abbeville. With his great success in this field, he was immediately elected to the State Legislature, where he so distinguished himself as a man with foresight, that he was elected two years later to the House of Representatives.

"When in mental repose, he was perhaps always rather lost in abstraction, but when excited or under the stimulus of interest, every feature blazed with the burning fire of his mental processes." "He approached every subject that came before the House from the standpoint of broad nationalism. In his first speech he said: "I am not here to represent my state alone. I renounce the idea, and I will show, by my vote, that I contend for the interests of the whole people of this community." "But how did it happen that this former advocate

of a strong centralized government became a believer in state sovereignty? As long as he saw his state profiting by national laws he did not fear them and had no reason to question the right to make them. But when he perceived his state suffering because of these laws, he began to inquire into the power of the national government to enact them, and from this inquiry resulted his expousal of a new creed."

This new creed was that "The Constitution was established by the states and for the states, but not over the states. And when the Federal government committed an act not warranted by the Constitution, each state, being sovereign and a party to the compact, had a right to declare the act void. This right was one of great responsibility, and must not be exercised except in case of a violation not only palpable but highly dangerous. It was the only effective security against a violation of the compact by the United States Government."

In the session of 1826-27, Calhoun became a prominent figure in the tariff circle by his keen opposition to all tariff bills. He prepared a set of resolutions, saying, "that tariff laws, the object of which is not the raising of revenue not the regulation of foreign commerce but the promotion

of domestic manufactures are violations of the Constitution in spirit and ought to be repealed." In 1828 the "Bill of Abominations" was brought before the House; it favored higher rates for the protection of the Northern manufacturers. At once there was an outburst of opinion in the South, denouncing the new tariff act and hinting toward dissolution and disunion. In South Carolina there was a mass meeting, with the Governor at its head, which openly protested the tariff as contrary to the chartered rights.

The tariff problem was a vital one to the South. There had been built up an extensive trade with England, which was now being threatened by the exorbitant duties. This swapping of cotton for cheap manufactured goods had become an integral part of their civilization. And the destruction of this trade meant a radical change in the life of the planters; the foundation of their existence would be uprooted. It would necessitate the use of American made products which were high in price and poor in quality. It would mean the installation of unfamiliar machinery, weak in construction, in place of the well-developed British products.

Looking at the question from a slightly different angle, it is obvious that South Carolina should have a loud voice in such affairs. "The total value of the exports from the United States in 1829

was \$55,700,193 and to this total the southern states contributed no less than \$34,072,665 in cotton, tobacco, and rice. The contribution of the South appears still more striking if it be compared with the total value of agricultural exports, which was a little under \$44,000,000. Three-fourths of the agricultural exports of the country in short, came from the South; and nearly three-fifths of all the exports. The value of the exports of manufactured articles reached only about \$6,000,000. Moreover, if there was reason for complaint, South Carolina was entitled to be spokesman for the South. The exports from South Carolina in 1829 reached the sum of \$8,175,586,—figures exceed only by the figures of New York and Louisiana. . . . It was this gross inequality in the operation of the tariff, this burden thrown upon a particular section from which the other sections were exempt, that gave emphasis to the claim of the southern leaders that such legislation was unconstitutional, even 'deliberately and palpably' unconstitutional."

At Jefferson's Birthday Dinner Party Calhoun gave this toast: "The Union,—next to our Liberty most dear. May we all remember that it can only be preserved by and distributing equally the benefit and the burden of the Union." And when the question of Nullification arose, Calhoun said: "Nullification is not my word. I never use it. I always say State Inter-

position. My purpose is a suspensive veto to compel the installing of the highest tribunal provided in the constitution, to decide on the point in dispute. I do not wish to destroy the Union, I only wish to make it honest."

In 1832, by direction of the South Carolina Legislature, the Nullification Convention met at Columbia and declared the Tariff Act of 1828 and 1832 null and void, and not binding upon South Carolina. At this crisis, Calhoun resigned his Vice-Presidency to lead his mother state in the Senate. He was unusually excited and high-strung as he delivered his first message and issued his Resolutions on States Rights. Then by means of a compromise with Clay, a bill was passed which provided for a steady decrease in tariff until the normal was reached. At the same time as he signed this bill, the president also signed the Force Bill, which provided for armed enforcement of the tariff acts. South Carolina immediately called a convention and repealed the Nullification Ordinance.

Hardly had this question begun to diminish before another came to the front, the question of slavery. The Abolitionists became more active, and started a circulation of pamphlets through the mails, by which method they wished to stir up an overwhelming sentiment against slavery. But Calhoun "crystallized and expounded State rights, and he was undoubtedly the one man to whom

his people looked with trust to defend them and to formulate the grounds on which they might be able to protect themselves from the ever growing sentiment against their social system with its slavery. Probably, few men in history have for so long a time remained the almost universally recognized leader as did Calhoun in this later stage of his career.

"Slavery was too interwoven with every fibre of the Southerners' lives for them to face its extirpation—especially at the hands of others. So the South Carolina Legislature passed a set of resolutions protesting against any claim of rights, of the United States, to interfere in any manner whatever with the domestic regulations and preservative measures in respect to that of her property which formed the colored population of the State." Calhoun realized that absolute victory or crushing defeat were the alternatives; so he carefully guarded the advance points in the abolitionists theory. "We love and cherish the Union; we remember with the kindest feelings our common origin, with pride our common achievements, and boldly anticipate the common greatness and glory that seem to await us, but origin, achievement, and anticipation of coming greatness are to us as nothing compared to this question. It is to us a vital question. It involves not only our liberty, but, what is greater (if to freemen anything can be) existence itself.

The relation which exists between the two races in the slaveholding States has existed for two centuries. It has grown with our strength. It has entered into and modified all our institutions, civil and political. No other can be substituted. We will not, and cannot permit it to be destroyed. If we were base enough to do so, we would be traitors to our section, to ourselves, our families, and to posterity * * *. If we are to be exposed here, in the heart of the Union, to endless attacks on our rights, our character, and our institutions, we will then be compelled to turn our eyes on ourselves. Come what will, should it cost every drop of blood, and every cent of property, we must defend ourselves; and if compelled we would stand justified by all laws, human and divine."

Then the question arose as to whether or not Congress had a right to forbid slavery in the states seeking for admission. Hitherto there had been a fair balance of non slave states, but the South maintained between the slave and soon realized that it would not be long before the Northern states

tion. In opposition to the Wilmot Proviso, which provided that only non-slave states could be admitted into the Union, Calhoun said: "We have a remedy, for the Constitution is strongly and clearly on our side. Our Government is a Federal one, and the States are the constituent parties, standing to it

as do the citizens of a State to a State. Hence, all the territories belong to the States,—that it, to the States United or the States of the Union, which terms are synonymous, and not at all to the Government, as the term Unites States has led many to suppose. The Government is but the agent, and it can no more appropriate the territory to the exclusive use of some of its principals that it can so appropriate the forts or the navy or any other property of the United States." He also insisted that it was legal for citizens to migrate to these new states, and carry their slaves and the system of slavery with them. Calhoun became to enthusiastic that he got up a petition denouncing all opposition. This petition was soon received and ordered printed, and the incident is chiefly noteworthy as showing how keen Calhoun was to guard the interests of the South in the contest that he deemed vital to her welfare. "His opinions in regard to slavery and abolition, and the maintenance of what he thought the rights of the south, did not change when the sorrow came with years and ever darker prospects seemed to threaten his home region. His views on these subjects were indeed unalterable,—a part of his nature."

In his last speech in Congress "He closed by declaring that he had done his best to arrest the agitation of the slavery question and save the Union; but that if that could not be done his efforts

would be directed to saving the South, where he lived and upon whose side were justice and the Constitution." Even when within a few days of his death, he dictated a set of resolutions which was a concrete form of all his previous arguments. He had given his all for the protection of the rights of his native state.

MAUD MULLER UP TO DATE

(Apologies to Mr. Whittier).

HARPER GAULT, '28

Maud Muller on a rainy day
Cleaned her shoes all caked with clay;
For Maud was nice, as the saying goes,
And so she'd walked and ruined her clothes.
And as she worked the words of her rage,
A sailor-trained parrot echoed from his cage.

The Judge drove up in his Packard eight,
And seeing the flapper, decided to wait
Till she ran to the cellar and for him drew,
A pint of her Daddy's new home brew.
"Great," said the Judge as the beer went down,
"Better than the stuff we buy in town."

The Judge asked Maude to go for a ride,
And she hopped right in, quick to decide.
From her recent experience she distrusted men
And she dared not let it happen again.
But, she figured, the Judge was getting old,
And a man of his age would hardly be bold.

Ten miles farther on the engine went dead.
The Judge couldn't start it; that's what he said.
Then seizing Maud's hand, the old age forgetting,
He thought he would start a party of petting.
But Maud freed herself, and taking one bound
She sprang o'er the door and jumped to the ground.

Maud first gave the Judge a piece of her mind,
Then turning towards home she left him behind.
She gritted her teeth as she trudged on her way
And cursed both the men she'd ridden with that day.
For or all the sad words of thought or pen,
The saddest of these are, "I've walked home again."

ASK OLE BILL, HE KNOWS

An act in one play

CAST—Bill,—Ed's Roommate; Ed,—Bill's Roommate.

(Scene: Students' bedchamber—'nuff sed. Ed sits crosslegged on a chair sewing a button on a shirt.

Bill still reclines in the arms of Morpheus.)

Ed—I say Bill, Oh BILL.

Bill—Uh.

Ed—Awake eh? Well, tell me about it. Go to the dance?

Bill—Uh-huh.

Ed—Killed a big 'un, eh? See Pat?

Bill—Uh-huh.

Ed—All right, warm enough, eh?

Bill—Uh?

Ed—(Patiently) I say did you get those letters?

Bill—(Patiently) Uh-huh.

Ed—Eagerly)—Fine. Where are they? (Jumps up.)

Bill—UH?

Ed—(Irritatedly)—I say where are the letters, come out of it. (No answer from Bill. Ed goes over to the bed and shakes him.)

Ed—(Loudly). Did you put them in your pocket?

Bill—Uh-huh.

Ed—Coat pocket?

Bill—Uh-huh.

Ed—(Looks about room. Picks pair of trousers up from floor.) Where's the coat old man?

Bill—Uh?

Ed—(Shakes Bill vigorously) Wake up.

Bill—(Sits up and rubs his eyes). What's the matter?

Ed—What in the world did you do with the letters?

Bill—What letters?

Ed—The ones you got from Pat for me.

Bill—Oh, they're all in my coat.

Ed—Eagerly) And the coat—?

Bill—(Vaguely) Oh, the coat—let me think—the coat, my coat.

Ed—Yes, your coat. Did you wear it home last night.

Bill—Oh, last night. Yes, I remember now. Yes, they got it, yes—I remember now—poker, yes, they got it—strip poker. (Returns to the arms of Morpheus.)

Ed—The Hell you say—THEY?

Bill—UH-HUH.

Editorial



NCE more the cycle of college events has been completed and the time has arrived for the new staff to get into the traces and bear the responsibility of publishing this magazine. And we, the new staff, are assuming this task, fully realizing that our inability will make it impossible for us to fulfill our highest ambitions; nevertheless, there persists a spirit of determination which offsets our incapability and strengthens our efforts to reach the ideal for which we strive. And if this first issue is not all that it should be, it must be remembered that we are embarking on a voyage over unknown waters and that we should be given time to correct our bearings.

In the last year particularly, there has been rapid strides toward cultural development, and it is just that we should expect such progress to be reflected in our literary magazine. "The Chronicle" is the publication which gives the cultured minds of Clemson College a chance to express themselves; so it is hoped that it will be characterized by a very rapid advancement this year. This magazine is a mirror in which there is reflected what should be but often is not, a true representation of the entire student body. Most frequently, the image is that of a small group of men who have worked diligently against overwhelming odds to produce a worthy publication, and not a true picture of the literary geniuses, who should be using their ability in a constructive direction, but are only sitting idle and criticizing the efforts of the others. Why can't these men show a keen interest in our work, and cooperate with us to produce a magazine of which they can be justly proud?

Men of Clemson, this magazine is yours, not ours; it has been placed in our hands to edit not to create. Its success depends largely on your attitude toward it; are you going to make the most of it, or are you going to stand by and let it cast a poor reflection upon the entire corps? Each one of you should feel the responsibility resting on your shoulders to do your part and help make the magazine this year better than any before. The staff cannot assume the task of furnishing the contributions; that duty belongs to you

men, and as Clemson men you should not shirk it. We urge you to take this into consideration, and endeavor to help us and give us your hearty cooperation for a better "Chronicle". We implore you to turn your literary ability into fruitful results; give yourself a trial and you may be surprised at the results which you can accomplish if you do your best. Your enthusiastic support will help pave the way for more constructive steps. Bring your articles to us so that we may discuss them with you, and help you in any difficulties which may arise. We are waiting anxiously to see what your decision will be in regards to the future of your magazine. Let's make this a live magazine and the best of its kind in the state!

M. A. J.

ANNOUNCING OUR NEW PLAN

In view of the lack of inducement toward literary work, we have tried to find a means of stimulating the interest in "The Chronicle". And we have arrived at a plan which we believe will be highly successful,—a plan made possible through the hearty cooperation of Dr. E. W. Sikes, Dr. W. W. Long, Mr. M. E. Zeigler of Orangeburg, and Mr. V. B. Hall of New York City. The last two men are former editors of our magazine. We gratefully appreciate their generosity in making this idea a reality.

It is our purpose to organize a society with stringent entrance requirements, based upon the interest taken in contributing to "The Chronicle." As a special inducement, we will give each member free of charge a very expensive pin when he is admitted to the society; these emblems will be in the nature of Greek letter pins. It has not been definitely decided as to what will constitute the eligibility to this society, but any contributions which are published now will greatly enhance one's possibilities of becoming a member. It is certain, however, that success through the columns of our magazine will be our criterion. Designs for these pins have already been ordered, and it is hoped that they will be on exhibition at an early date. This should stir up a great deal of competition in the student body, and will insure our publication of making the rapid advancement which should come at this time. Members of this staff will not be eligible for the pins this year, but the men admitted to the society at the close of this session will be eligible for membership on next year's staff. Further information will be published at a later date; watch for it!

M. A. J.

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Tiger Cheer



What we claim to be the thinnest man in the world is the one who fell through a hole in the seat of his trousers and hanged himself.

The cheer leader (in heaven):
"RAH, RAH, RAH."

Cleopatra: "Well, did you come here to yell?"

Our latest son hit: "Put your steel-jacket arms around my concrete waist, and kiss me, kid, because I'm reinforced."

A good plot for some of our stories may be found in the cemetery.

She was only a tailor's daughter, but she gave me a fit.

A great many family trees were started by grafting.

The money the other fellow has is Capital. Getting it away from him is Labor.

Another thing that causes a chicken to cross the road is a show window with a good mirror in it.

A kiss is the only really agreeable "two-faced" action under the sun—or the moon either!

The reason there were fewer wrecks in the old horse-and-buggy days was because the horse could follow the road by himself.

"Yes, during the battle of the Marne sixteen balls entered my body."

"Rifle balls or pistol balls?"
"Sausage balls."

"Gosh but you are witty."

"Yeah, so's my old man. I'm not half as witty as he is though."
"Sort of a half-wit, huh"?

She: "Is there an art in kissing?"

He: "None except, 'Art thou willing?' "

Mary sat upon a pin
But showed no perturbation;
For some of her was genuine
And some was imitation.

Father: "Why are you always behind in your studies?"

Son: "Because if I were not behind, I could not pursue them."

Light travels inconceivably fast until it strikes the human mind.

A kiss is defined as nothing between two, not enough for one, just enough for two. too much for three.

ROMANCE OF A HAMMOCK

Shady tree—babbling brook,
Girl in hammock—reading book
Golden curls—tiny feet,
Girl in hammock—looks so
sweet
Man rides past—big mustache
Girl in hammock—makes a
“mash”.
“Mash” is mutual—day is set,
Man and maiden—married get.
Married now—a year and a
day.
Keeping house—on Avenue A.
Red-hot stove—beafsteak fry-
ing,
Girl got married—cooking try-
ing.
Cheeks all burning—eyes look
red,
Girl got married—almost dead.
Biscuit burnt up—beafsteak
cherry,
Girl got married—awful sorry.
Man comes home—tears mus-
tache.
Mad as blazes—got no cash.
Thinks of hammock—in the
lane;

(Wishes maiden—back again.)
Maiden also—thinks of swing
And wants to go back—too,
poor thing!
Hour of midnight—baby
squawking;
Man in bare feet—bravely
walking;
The baby yells—now the other
Twin, he strikes up—like his
brother.
Paregoric—by the bottle
Poured into—the baby’s
throttle.
Naughty tack—points in air,
Waiting someone’s—feet to
tear.
Man in bare feet—see him
there!
O, my gracious! hear him
swear!
Raving crazy—gets his gun
And blows his head off;
Dead and gone.
Pretty widow—with a book
In a hammock—by the brook.
Man rides past—big mustache;
Keep on riding—nary “mash.”



Exchanges

THE PLIGHT OF THE "LITERARY"

The general run of college publications erupting from the copious presses of the several institutions of "higher learning" residing within the realms of the theocratic state of South Carolina, are trite, hacknied, silly, naive, artless, disgusting and not worth the paper they are printed upon. If these so called "literary" magazines are a true index to student intelligence, then almost every college campus in the Palmetto State is a dark forest of virgin ignorance through which one must cut and dynamite his way to find the faintest glimmer of creative genius.

The average student magazine reminds me of a triple cross between an expurgated American Mercury, the Baptist Courier, and Godey's Lady Book for the year 1883. They are weak-kneed, flabby, and degenerate imitations of high-brow monthlies, sentimental weeklies, and musty moth-eaten wowsers of the gilded age.

Originality appears to be a lost art. It vanished from the college campus about the time the American public ran head-on into the shocking realization that women did have knees and that there was war in Europe.

The war is over. The world has been saved for another orgy; but the spirit of creation was butchered in the mental carnage which followed the big parade. Youth is drunk on the light-headed hilarity of these lax and hectic days. This not an age of reason—sex appeal flits gaily across the stage of life and youth applauds and drinks to her health. "Long live the emotions", is the cry.

Of course there are a scant few who do wield the pen with credit and effect. They have refused to prostrate their minds to the spirit of the age and take genuine joy in being original. But most of the "inspired" are of a different stripe and color. Those who can't make the pace set by H. L. Mencken, flop over to Laura Jean Libby, Horatio Alger, and Elinor Glyn. The resultant is a sickening conglomeration of weak saccharine sweet romances and semi-iconoclastic essays which would insult the intelligence of a half-witted Hottentot.

Ninety percent of these periodicals should have been lured off to the literary abattoir ten years ago and humanely put to death. It would have been timely and philanthropic work. When a

magazine reaches that stage in life when it has nothing to say, when it personifies the very soul of ignorance crying out loud, then it's high time for someone to grab the chloroform and do his duty.

The Chronicle is no criterion blowing the reformer's horn. In fact, so far as I can see, the Chronicle has no tangible excuse for continuing to parade before the public. It has been far worse than most of the bad college magazines. But since officials are prone to spare the axe, it will continue to stagger around

for no purpose at all and going no place in particular.

The various editors realize the predicament of this emaciated white elephant, and have secured props, paint, and patches in an effort to make the best out of a bad publication. It won't do much good, however, unless the student body suffers a nervous breakdown, renounces high living for a simple life and rededicates its mind to something of stronger literary complexity than True Story magazine and the Police Gazette.

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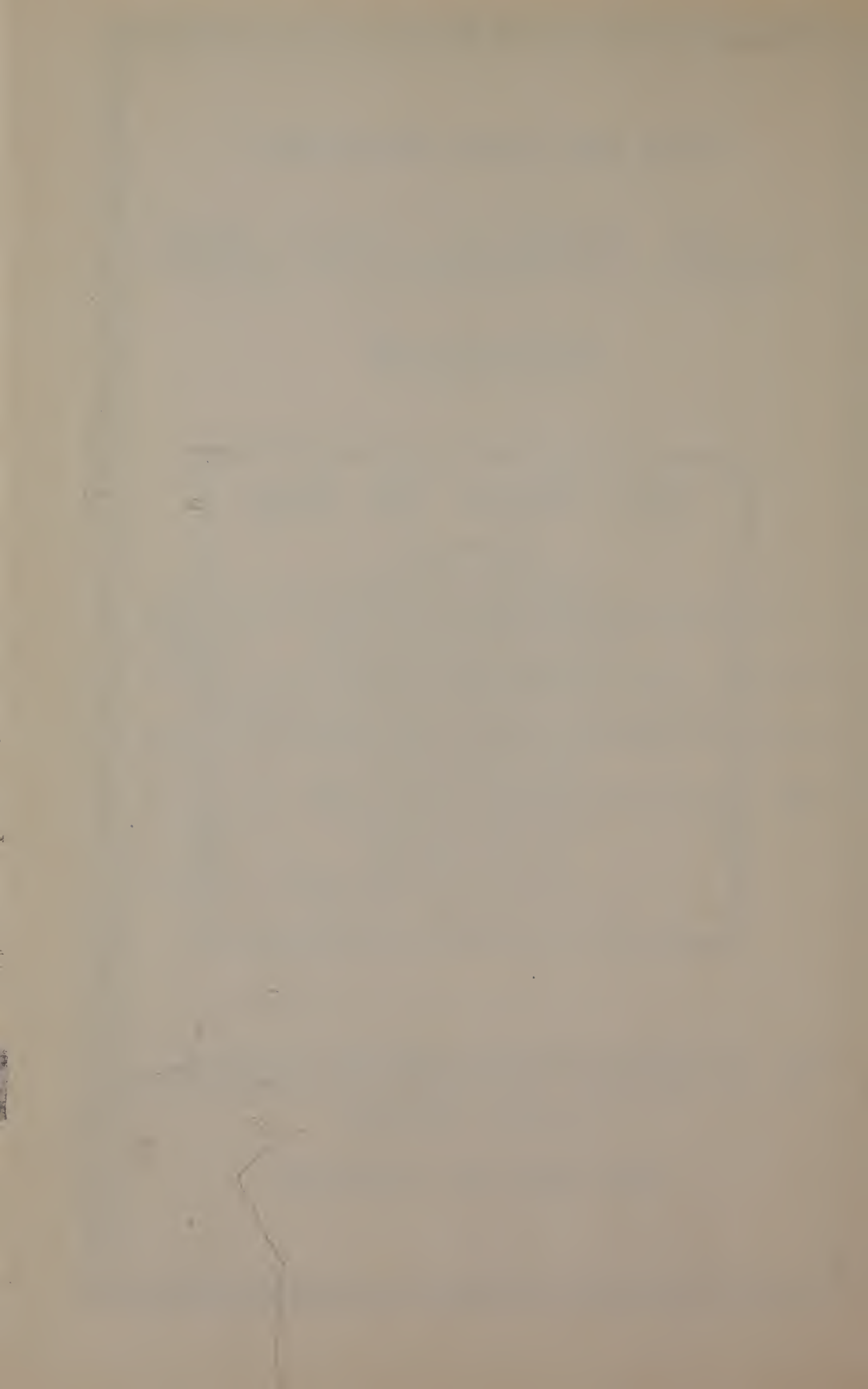
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November, 1927

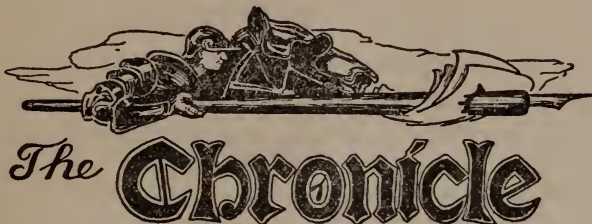
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VOLUME XXVI

NUMBER 2

NOVEMBER

1927



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TERMS: Issued monthly, with the exception of July, August and September. Twenty-five cents per copy, two dollars per term. Entered at the Clemson College Post-Office as second-class matter.

THE STORM

F. W. LACHICOTTE, '29

After supper I felt rather restless; so I decided to take a stroll along the beach and think things over before going to bed. I ran upstairs to get some cigarettes from my bureau drawer, and after finding them, I blew out the lamp and turned to go down again. Glancing out of the window I saw my foster brother, George, faintly outlined leaning against a post of the lookout. He was gazing into the sea, a brown-green infinity of water reflecting a golden path of the full moon just rising over the brim of the ocean. Something in my brother's manner told me that all was not well with him.

I walked down the stairs of the roughly built summer house and out on the porch screened in by casino bushes, to where mother sat. After kissing her good night, I told her not to wait up for me because I would not be back before her bed-time. Then I went up on the lookout.

"George," I said, looking out over the gentle swell of a full tide, "wouldn't this be a fine night if Martha and Harriet were here with us?"

George straightened a little and turned his gaze to the far off twinkling of the North Island light. The sea oats shivered and swayed in a fitful sea breeze; a lone sand crab scuttled into its hole somewhere among the sand dunes.

"I don't know, Louis; somehow

there seems to be something gloomy hanging over things to-night. Something terrible haunts my mind. I don't seem to be able to tell exactly what it is, but I can't shake it off."

"Well," I answered quickly, "it must be that deviled crab we ate this morning that is affecting us that way; I've been feeling depressed too."

He turned his fine head and shot a strangely piercing glance at me; then he slowly looked away. I saw his firm mouth tremble slightly, and he cleared his throat. Probably he realized that there was some difference between us two, but didn't understand what it was. Good Lord! May he never remember; it would undoubtedly cost him reason for good.

It was six years previous that he had graduated from the university. He had won his degree by a marvelous discovery in surgery. Before going to Baltimore to start his practice, he came home for a two month's rest. Cold chills run down my spine when I think of that summer, of how the great storm came, and how George's home and parents were swept out to sea. The whole end of the island upon which they lived was washed flat of its protecting dunes, the sea cutting a channel through to the bay behind.

My friend spent the night with

me that night, and by the grace of God, our dunes held, and the sea was driven back. George lost his reason temporarily. When he recovered it, he could remember nothing of his parents, his education, or his previous life. After that, mother and father adopted him, and he helped us with the plantation back on the mainland.

"Old boy," I said, "when are you and Harriet to be married?"

He seemed not to hear, but stared dumbly over the sea. With a phosphorescent glow the waves sneaked silently in, giving only a short hollow "boom" as they broke on the sand and sent thin sheets of foamy water scudding in as if to lick away the foundations of the dunes.

I sat absorbed in thought for a while, and must have dropped to sleep, for I regained consciousness with a jerk. A fresh breeze had sprung up, which gave signs of becoming stronger and stronger. I glanced at my watch, eleven-thirty—too late to walk now. George was still slouching against the post.

"Come on. Let's turn in," I said, rising. He turned, and we started in. As we tramped down the broad walk, I heard him mutter to himself, "Oh, if I could only remember!"

On the table in the living room I saw a special delivery letter addressed to me; pinned to it was a note from Mother saying that the letter had been brought by a

colored man from the ten o'clock boat from town. I quickly tore it open and read:

Louis Dear,

Harriet has been seriously hurt. Her motor boat was hit by a tug yesterday, and she would have been drowned if they had not pulled her out of the wreckage just before it sank. Specialists from Atlanta are on the way to see if they can do anything for her, but—Oh, she is terribly hurt!

Please hurry on as quickly as possible, and bring George with you. I know it will almost kill him.

Please, please hurry!

Love,

Martha.

Speechless I handed the letter to George, who had been looking at me all the while with a pitiful expression on his face. He read it over quickly and muttered, "O, I knew it, I knew it."

"Let's get ready to start at once. It will be a hard trip, especially in the dark, but the boat's fast. She's in good condition, too; I overhauled her just last week."

I called mother and gave her the letter; a worried expression came over her face.

"You'd better not try to go tonight. Storm warnings are out in tonight's paper; you know the motor boat could not make the fifteen miles without being blown on the reefs if the storm were to hit you," she pleaded.

Already the storm had broken. The beeze that had been so weak was now raging and screaming at the windows. The water rose rapidly. I ran upstairs to shut the blinds. Looking out over the sand dunes I saw in place of a tranquil sea, a boiling mass of water with mountainous waves making up from seemingly nowhere, and dashing madly in to shore to break in a shower of spume on the stalwart sentries of sand.

The night seemed like an eternity. Would the storm never subside? George sat in a chair all the while, his elbows on his knees and his hands covering his face. The monotonous hollow boom of the waves was broken only once; a crash told that the water had undermined one of the outhouses.

The storm died down by morning as most of the early summer storms do, and we ran down to see how the boat had fared during the night. She was all shipshape; so we started the powerful six cylinder engine, and were soon shearing the water in a bay that was still very choppy.

I was at the wheel, for George was in somewhat of a daze, and couldn't be trusted to pilot the boat at such a speed on this kind of water. After what seemed to be pitiless ages, I threw off the motor and our craft sided up to the municipal dock. Our oilskins were dripping and our faces briny from the salty spray.

"Here!" I called to a taxi, "To the city hospital—quick!" The

driver whipped his car around. We leaped in, and in a few seconds were speeding recklessly up streets and around corners in the last lap of our race against death. George said not a word. He sat there like a man of marble. His eyes were set and glassy, his brow wrinkled, his muscles taut as if he was endeavoring to recall a horrible half-forgotten dream.

Suddenly the car groaned and came to a stop with a jerk. "The hospital, sir," said the driver.

It was with mingled fear and apprehension that I walked up those white marble steps, through a polished oak doorway and into the superintendent's office. A little stubby grey-headed man greeted us without looking up. I stated our mission. The little man drummed his fingers on his desk. "Impossible," he snapped, "she can't live. Splinter in the brain. None of our physicians dare operate. Too risky. Specialist coming but won't get here in time."

I felt George's fingers bite into my arm. I wheeled around just in time to save him from crumpling to the floor. The little superintendent looked up for the first time. "Shock too much," he said, "a little should——hell! The superintendent stepped back aghast. His eyes glued on the limp form in my arms. "Isn't that man George Townsend?" he demanded.

"Yes," I answered somewhat surprised.

"I knew it," said the little man.

"I taught him lots of what he knows. Had bright future. Wonderful brain surgeon. Thrown his chances away—I suppose? Been drinking?"

"No," I replied, "it's a tragic story." And while two white capped attendants worked in another room to bring George back to consciousness, I told Dr. Wheeler, for that was the superintendent's name, the story of the young surgeon's great misfortune. "A sad, sad case," sighed the Doctor when I had finished. "Temporary asphasia caused by severe mental shock. I once knew a young man who—"

Crash! Something shattered in the adjoining room. We leaped to our feet. A woman screamed—a rush of feet—wild cries! In another instant; a door burst open and George staggered wildly into the room. His face bore an expression I shall never forget. In one hand he clutched a surgeon's knife and in the other a stethoscope. "I remember," he shrieked, "I remember it all—the storm—the storm!" Then with a moan he sank into a chair and buried his head in his arms.

For a second we stood there—shocked—frightened. Then the little doctor strode across the room and grasped George by the shoulder. "Young man," he said "you know me?" George slowly raised his head. His eyes met Dr. Wheeler's. I saw him gasp; a smile broke across his face. He bounded to his feet and grasped the doctor's hand. "I thought you were in

Baltimore," he exclaimed.

"I came to take charge of this hospital about six months ago," explained Dr. Wheeler. "But we'll talk about that later. The young lady! she must be operated upon—at once."

The smile faded from George's face. "Is it serious—can't I do something—may I see her," he pleaded.

"Let me see your hands," commanded Dr. Wheeler.

George obeyed. The little doctor examined them closely. He pinched them, rubbed them and felt the texture of the skin. "Good," he muttered. "You have taken excellent care of your fingers. That is indeed fortunate. You will remove a splinter from the brain of Miss Harriett Westmoreland at once. You're the only man within five hundred miles that can do it. Her life depends upon the sensitiveness of your finger tips. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Doctor, I'm ready."

"Then follow me."

The hours that followed seemed ages to me. Countless times I paced the block around the hospital. Day faded into night. The light in the operating room glowed mockingly. The moon rose—swung high across the heavens—began to sink behind the tall buildings of the business district. I heard a clock boom the hour of four. I sank down on a bench to rest.

When I opened my eyes the sun was shining brightly. I had fallen

asleep. Thoroughly ashamed of myself, I hurried to the hospital and into Dr. Wheeler's office. The little man was busily assorting papers on his desk, but he looked up and smiled when I came in. "And how are you this morning?" he inquired in a jovial tone.

"Where's George?" I demanded disregarding his salutation.

"He's upstairs—asleep."

"And Harriett?"

"She also sleeps."

"Then the operation was—"

"A success," announced the little doctor biting the end off a cigar. "It was really wonderful," he continued. "That boy is a genius. We're going to add him to our hospital staff. Big future for him—fame—fortune."

"And a wife," I added.

"Yes a wife," laughed Dr. Wheeler. "They really belong to each other. She saved his mind and he saved her life."



A DISTINGUISHED NOVEL

Eugene Parker, '24

During the past Spring, the Bobbs-Merrill Merrill Company published **Black April**, by Julia Peterkin. It was the first novel, written by a South Carolinian to receive universal praise. In all the published reviews of this book not one is unfavorable.

Black April is the story of a giant negro of the South Carolina coastal country. April ruled the large plantation on Sandy Island as foreman for the white owners. Following his career, from the time he became foreman of the plantation, his fights with the other negroes, his adventures as a dusky Don Juan, his illness in which he lost both his legs, and his death, Mrs. Peterkin has drawn a remarkably faithful picture of life among the negroes on an isolated farm.

While April is the central figure of the book, little Breeze, Big Sue, Maum Hannah, and Leah, other negroes who figure prominently in the action, are fully developed characters. There is not a white person in the book.

Pathos and humor are admirably combined in the novel, handled in a distinguished style and with commendable restraint. There is a grim tragedy in the death of Old Breeze, and the separation of Little Breeze from his mother. There are thrills aplenty in the battle of April with a giant rattle-

snake. There is genuine humor in the episode of Leah's false teeth which fell into the lemonade at the church, but laughter is turned to fear a moment later when April attacks the minister, biting a chunk of flesh out of the parson's cheek.

Mrs. Peterkin lives on a large plantation near Fort Motte, where her husband is a successful planter. From the entrance to their attractive home one may see fertile lands which stretch away for miles on three sides. A short distance from the house is Mrs. Peterkin's cabin where she writes. It is a short walk from their home to the "quarters" where the negroes live. This area, with its one-story cabins, straggling pickaninnies, and occasional bent, old negro mammies is like a scene lifted from the ante-bellum South.

It is several miles from Lang Syne plantation to the nearest doctor, and Mrs. Peterkin has attended the negroes during the dark hours of birth, sickness, and death. Thus she has come to know them, their fears, their superstitions, joys and sorrows, as few people can.

Mrs. Peterkin is a graduate of Converse College; is president of the Converse Alumni Association, and last commencement received the degree of Litt. D. from her alma mater. She has one son who was recently graduated from the

University of Virginia.

"My strongest supporters among those who read my work are young men," Mrs. Peterkin says. She has received a great many letters of appreciation from young men in all sections of the country. "Frequently I am asked why I prefer to write about the negroes," she explains, "My reply is that I know them better than I know any other group, and I enjoy writing about people and things I know." Most of the characters in *Black April* are taken from life. April, himself lived at Lang Syne plantation, and died a few years ago after an illness exactly as described in

the book.

Last summer Mrs. Peterkin spent at Peterboro, New Hampshire, with the MacDowell colony of artists and writers. Her publishers announce that she was busy during this time writing her new novel.

As in all too frequently the case, her own people were the last to recognize Mrs. Peterkin's genius. Months had elapsed after the publication of *Black April* before South Carolina acclaimed her. Her position is established now, and whatever she writes in the future will be welcomed as the work of an artist of the highest order.



TAPS

JOHN BATES

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the
lakes

And the wild cataract leaps in
glory,
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild
echoes flying;
Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying,
dying, dying.

"Taps" is the military curfew
of the world, calling men to rest
from the sticky heat of the tropics,
from the marrow-biting cold of
the north, from the penetrating
dampness of the rain belt, and all
from the vexations of the day to
peaceful oblivion. What a great
duty—not a curse to mankind like
reveille which brings men up from
the cozy warmth to begin a new
day to toil, but a great and good
spirit which brings to man his
greatest gift—sleep. The book of
the day is completed and the hand
of the author rests until the mor-
row when its tasks begin anew.

"O sleep, it is a gentle thing,

Beloved from pole to pole.
To Mary, Queen, the praise be
given

She sent the gentle sleep from
heaven,

That slid into my soul.'

And there are those, who in
answering that mystic summons,
join the ever-increasing ranks of
the dead in their eternal sleep.
Their slumber, like that of the
living, is sealed by that mournful
echo. On the poppy-covered

slopes of France they sleep, row
on row; in the depths of the sea
they lie in leaden caskets or ban-
ner draped; in Arlington, thous-
ands rest in the single tomb of the
"Unknown"; all lulled into that
deep and soundless sleep by the
same lullaby.

"Taps"—the memories of a
thousand camp fires rise from the
muse, things holy and apart from
life. The dying embers fade as
the fast lengthening shadows of
darkness encroach more and more
upon its feeble circle. "Taps"—
the Alpha and Omega of life, the
beginning and the end of all
things.

The last mournful note of the
bugle hangs quivering on the
night—the sob of a frightened
baby—the despairing wail of a
lost soul wandering aimlessly
through space, ever seeking rest
and finding none. Fainter and
fainter it grows until the last
throbbing echo has been engulfed
by the onrush of the oppressive
nocturnal darkness, trembling
away into silence as if it were
loath to cease.

"Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall.
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all."

THE FREE ACT

D. B. SHERMAN, '29

The "Morning Telegraph" carried a big front page feature story of the county fair which was in progress at Cartersville, Illinois. The feature gave particular attention to the aerial free act and to the glorious history of the youthful aviator who was performing it. Reading the story, Johnny Gaines was greatly amused; this certainly was a great bluff he was pulling, all this bunk about his thrilling air experiences, when the real truth was that he had received his pilot's license barely two weeks before. Johnny wondered if it were really wrong to let such false stories be printed, but after all most of it was the imagination of an ambitious reporter who had placed an exaggerated value on the little he had learned from an interview; furthermore, the little publicity wouldn't hurt anyone and it might help Johnny a great deal, for he was just entering into the "aviation game"; and this was no business for bashful young men. There was no good in worrying about it, since the story was already printed; the thing to do was to get the good from the publicity and take care of harms, if any, as they came. With this resolution in mind, the young air pilot folded the paper into his pocket and started to the fair grounds, where he was to fly from the center of the small race track.

Jenny, as Gaines' rather mature

war-time airplane was affectionately called, was soon in the air with a passenger aboard, and with several others awaiting their turn on the ground. There were passengers enough to keep the plane flying until eleven, which was the hour that Johnny was to pull his famous aerial stunt act above the fair grounds. The publicity of the morning had certainly helped in a financial way, as each passenger meant another five spot in Johnny's treasury, besides the cold fifty which the stunt act brought in daily.

At eleven-ten, Johnny had Jenny looping, rolling, diving, and spinning in a graceful performance which would have pleased any veteran aviator. Johnny loved Jenny; he had learned to fly with her, learned to stunt with her, and had worked and saved for many months to make her his. True, she was some seven years old and slow, clumsy, and irresponsible compared with modern airplanes, but she was in good repair; she was the realization of his dream for an airplane of his own, and she had served him faithfully. Now she was with him in his venture of commercial flying, ready to fly anywhere at the young master's bidding.

As the plane came to a stop after its landing from the stunt flight, a large crowd quickly closed in from all sides and sur-

rounded it. Johnny remained in his seat, motioning the people away from the propeller, as it had barely stopped turning. From the crowd at the left, the secretary of the Fair Association, whom Johnny knew well, stepped forward, followed by a pleasant appearing gentleman in rather dusty blue clothes. Introducing the stranger as Mr. Barrow, the secretary took his leave on other business, leaving the others at the plane.

"Saw the story about you in this morning's 'Telegraph' ", Barrow began, "and was pleased to learn that you were here. Got here just in time to see your stunt. You're a real pilot, Mr. Gaines; I'm glad to see you young chaps making good."

"Thank you," the pilot returned; the story isn't absolutely authentic, but I'm glad you enjoyed the stunts."

"Well, no matter about the story. I'm with the Victagraph Motion Picture Company, and we're making a picture that will need some good flying. What do you value your plane at?"

Gaines thought quickly. Part with dear old Jenny? No! But then, this was business flying—no time for sentiment now. Another thought flashed through his mind. When Lieutenant Wayne, that cocky little government inspector, had passed him and granted his pilot's license two weeks ago, the Lieutenant had remarked that Johnny would do the flying game

a real service to set a match to that old crate he was flying and then walk away from it. He hated Wayne for saying that, but it had weighed heavily upon him ever since. There was about nine hundred dollars in Jenny, and he had a sale with a fellow Malhoney at a thousand, which was all ready to go through when he should say the word, but he had held off on the idea that he could make more by flying through the fair season and then selling. But perhaps a movie man doesn't know airplane values.

"Twelve hundred and fifty," Gaines answered.

"Sounds reasonable," the producer returned. "Well, the idea is this: We want you to crash this plane for our picture. We can film tomorrow and I have made arrangements with the fair authorities for us to pull the stunt here as the greatest drawing free act ever held at a fair, and at the same time we'll get our action filmed. You fly the plane in as if you were in a bad storm, and crash it in landing. We will take care of the rest. We will pay you two thousand cash for the stunt and the Fair Association has promised to add another hundred to the check. You keep what's left of the plane. We don't want you to get hurt; you're a good enough pilot to roll over and smash up without making a complete washout and killing yourself aren't you? What do you say?"

Barrow's tone and sincerity

of expression proved that he meant business, and Gaines was alert enough to realize every detail that such an arrangement would mean. He leaped lightly from his seat to the ground beside the producer. Mentally, he went through the whole performance in a few seconds, glancing up and down the little field and deciding just where he would touch his left wing tip, and what would happen when he rammed the nose and propeller into the pile of sand, which he would have placed just over the little ridge at the center of the field. Sure, he **could** do it, easily and with fair safety. He took Barrow's hand and assured him with, "Show me the dotted line."

Shortly after noon the following day, Johnny was circling over the little fair grounds which was packed with the thousands who had come to see him purposely crash his airplane. Again this morning the paper had featured his story, this time even more spectacularly than before, declaring that never before had such a daring act been performed for the visitors at a public fair, and carrying with it a large photo of the fearless young aviator in the machine which he was to dive to its destruction. Thousands of eyes and cameras followed his every move as he circled above the race track and dropped a handkerchief as a signal that he was about to begin his unusual feat.

Well, there was nothing to get excited about. The crowd was well back from the field so that there was no danger of hurting any of the on-lookers. Jenny was performing nicely under perfect control; Johnny had on extra clothing to keep the bruises down when he crashed; all he had to do was to come into the field rocking rather violently and touch the left wing tip to the ground a little before he reached the sand pile—the rest would take care of itself. It did seem a pity to tear up the faithful Jenny so ruthlessly, and Johnny recalled that there was a messenger boy on the field with a telegram for him which he had left unread until he should come down and have his rather unpleasant task accomplished. He was almost sure that it was a wire from Malhoney, probably raising his bid for Jenny, but there was no turning back now with those thousands below waiting to see the brave pilot give his show. Perhaps if it weren't for that crowd he would glide down, make a beautiful landing and urge the sale with Malhoney the way a civilized man should do, instead of crashing his faithful ship for a movie film. But there was the twenty-one hundred and business was business however unconventional it might seem; Jenny wouldn't be serviceable much longer anyhow, and there was a company over in Ohio which built a wonderful little three-place ship

for an even two thousand; that's the ship he really should have. He retarded his throttle and started downward.

All of the details were clearly in his mind now; he would come in with a series of S-turns, back once to the left, once over the right, again to the left, and then, while the machine was standing vertically on its end, slip the down side of the wings into the ground and try to roll so that the nose of the plane would hit in the pile of sand. When the turns began, the crowd backed still farther from the center of the little field. Johnny pulled the ship into its first left bend, but with not quite enough negative control for the maneuver. He crossed the controls quickly and the plane flopped back level and on over into a right bank; still not quite enough control to put the plane in the correct position. This was no time for doing things half way, as the ground was now very close, and absolute accuracy in judgment and control meant everything. A little impatient, the young pilot jerked hard on the controls to the left, at the same time kicking the top rudder and closing the throttle and the switch. Plenty of control now—too much. Jenny rolled past the position of a vertical left bank, and as the motor sputtered and popped in its dying revolutions the ship completed its roll, lost its safe flying speed, and for instant hung almost motionless upon its back in the

air. The pilot realizing his helpless situation, doubled himself up within the cockpit and uttered a desire, almost earnest enough to be called a prayer, that he be lucky enough to "come through". The flying speed lost, Jenny gave a couple of sickening shudders and crashed vertically to the ground, landing directly upon her back, and pinning Johnny beneath the heap of wreckage that resulted from the crushing fall.

Although without his knowledge of it, Johnny had completed a most realistic bit of acting, and if the motion picture company was not greatly pleased with the performance, the youthful pilot was certainly not to blame.

Half asleep, and numbed from a bruised chest and leg, Johnny's senses began to return to him as he lay between the snow white sheets at the Cartersville local hospital. It must have been ten hours ago now, he thought, that he had been hurt in an airplane crash, a crash that he had deliberately planned and executed. And wasn't he a deceitful master to betray Jenny as he had; yes, he should have sold her to Malhoney, even at a sacrifice, rather than act the way he had. There was the twenty-one hundred, but money didn't make so much difference now that he was flat on his back in the hospital with no idea of how long he should have to remain so; moreover, it was the principle of the thing that worried him—to deliberately crash his first

airplane just for a cold twenty-one hundred—that dear old bird would have died naturally soon enough, but to hasten the funeral was little short of criminal. Well, after all it might have been worse; at least he wasn't hurt badly for it was night and he was alone; had he been seriously injured, a nurse would surely have been near to watch over him. What he needed was sleep, and he'd simply forget about the day's experiences—only a day in the aviation business—and sleep, sleep; then in the morning he would be all refreshed and perhaps he could start to Ohio for one of those pretty little modern ships.

But he couldn't sleep. Every time he closed his eyes the picture of the day's adventure appeared before him—the miserable vision of his Jenny lying smashed and scattered about the little field—pieces of it being carried away by visitors as souvenirs of the county fair. Pictures came and passed before him—pictures of the many flights with Jenny, and now she was gone forever; in her place he had a check for twenty-one hundred dollars. Those fellows had bribed him to do something he really didn't want to do, and he had been dazed and weakened by their big money. It was all so darned soul-less and commercial.

Yes, not only dazed but blinded; he hadn't even thought before he acted. Why hadn't he arranged to buy an old ship that would barely flutter, and crash it instead

of his own airplane? Jenny was a good ship compared with some he had seen and the man who said she wasn't had a fight on his hands. And if he had only bought an old plane to crash he could have sold Jenny to Malhoney and ended up with just as much profit as he had now. He would have liked to sell it to Malhoney; he would have treated Jenny as a good owner should treat his plane, and she'd have made him a good plane. No one had ever said that Jenny wasn't a good plane except that hellish little government inspector Wayne, and he must have had some reason, probably interested in some company which was building new commercials. Yes, Jenny would have been just the ship for Malhoney—and that telegram which he had left unread at the field was almost surely from him concerning the sale. Johnny wished he had read the wire before he took the air, but he could not be sure of its contents after all until he had seen it. He would inquire for that wire the first thing in the morning and see, just so there wouldn't be any more doubts about it, whether it was from his prospective buyer or not. He would ask a nurse for the wire as soon as she came in the morning—if morning ever came, and it seemed that it never would.

However, his chest felt easier now, and the soft patter of rain upon the window was very soothing. The rain would settle all of the dust from the day before. To-

morrow would be a new day, with everything fresh again—except Jenny—his airplane discarded, with little puddles of water collecting in her crumpled wings—poor, broken Jenny. Sleep—.

When morning finally came, it made little difference to Johnny Gaines, for it was noon before he rubbed his eyse and requested his breakfast and mail. They were brought together, and he pushed the tray of light food aside as he thumbed through his mail, and picked two envelopes. The first opened contained the Victagraph check for twenty-one hundred. The other was the telegram which must have been from Malhoney. Well, Johnny would see now what he had missed by not opening it before he went up to crash his plane.

He held the telegram in his hand a long while without attempting to read it. Why read it anyhow? Hadn't that crash and the terrible night which followed caused enough worries without en-

couraging further thought on—“Now if I had only known this, then—”, and that sort of sob stuff. No use to lock the stable door after the horse had been stolen. No use either, of leaving unfinished business upon the table; Jenny was gone and in her place a beautiful ship of more modern design would soon unfold its glittering wings and soar upward at the command of its master. So all accounts with Jenny and her associates, particularly this chap Malhoney, must be settled thoroughly and promptly. He unfolded the telegram and read:

Mr. J. H. Gaines, Aviator,
Cartersville, Illinois.

On advice from government inspector, Wayne, your type J. N. 4 ariplane was condemned at council meeting yesterday. To operate this machine or any part thereof will subject operating party to a fine of not less than five hundred dollars.

U. S. Dept. of Commerce
Aircraft Division.



YOU CAN'T WIN

C. E. RAY, '29

"You Can't Win" is a most interesting autobiography in which Jack Black paints for us a vivid picture of his colorful career in the underworld. To most people the awfulness of the life of a crook, as he depicts it, will seem unreal, unbelievable, or untrue. Still, it is not a manufactured or exaggerated tale; the author is there to stand in defense of his assertions.

Beginning at the time when he was a small boy, Black gives an account of his life up to the present time. He is now librarian in charge of one of the largest libraries in San Francisco. The things that started him "in wrong" are boldly and truthfully revealed. He relates in the language of a scholar his exploits, his jail sen-

tences, the appalling anguish of the lash and water cure, the horrors of the opium habit, and the many other things he experienced as a crook. The tale, as he tells it, is gripping; the reader cannot help being thrilled by some of the deeds, and made sympathetic by some of the punishments which he received. Finally he touches on the good elements which have caused him to turn from his life of wrong-doing to a life of usefulness and respectability.

The author uses a very plain style in this book. This attribute, together with the simple language he uses, makes it easy reading. The subject matter is very enjoyable and interesting. The time one spends in reading it is well repaid by the impressive insight into this man's life as a crook.

TAPS

"God of light, God of love,
God of light, God of love, Friends at home;
Bless us all, Keep us each
Everymore."

The work is finished, the flag has been furled, sentinels have been posted and all is quiet, lights are dimmed; the day is done—comes Taps.

"God of light, God of love," a lone bugler stands silhouetted against the sky. Just above the horizon and beneath him, row upon row of tents stand, the silent city of the soldier at night. "God of light, God of love, Friends at Home," the sentinel halts in his soft tread to listen to the soldier's good night, the plaintive notes which die away in the distance as in his prayer the soldier entrusts himself to God's keeping throughout the night. "Bless us all, Keep us each", and when the bugler has taken his bugle from his lips and the last notes have died away, comes the echo from afar, "Everymore".

FROZEN LIES

W. P. WEST, '29

The thermometer fell to 50 degrees below zero and the snow laden air moving at the rate of eighty miles an hour pressed against our flimsy war-time barracks with giant power. Although it was high noon, the sky was darkened so that we moved about in a gloomy half-light, and the windows thickly encrusted with rime shut us in as if with gray shrouds.

To go without into the howling blast was suicide. The boys of the garrison, with blue fingers and sloughing ears, shivered in stiff frozen boots and crouched around the clumsy sheet iron stove which squatted in the center of the room. Wood there was in abundance, and the flame roared and leaped within their iron casements, but the cold cut and stabbed like bayonets of ice.

It was the Thirteenth Infantry's first winter in the Yukon. A majority of the personelle were raw recruits lured into the service by gaudy recruiting posters and promises of travel and adventure. But instead of waging war on Indians, mushing across the wilderness in dog sleds or patrolling the Yukon trail, we were unceremoniously quartered in warped, rust-brown barracks of the 1918 type.

It was pleasant enough through July and August. Then the days began to grow shorter and the

nights colder. By November the sun had turned to ice and merely skimmed across the horizon. Finally it disappeared altogether. We were held prisoners by the relentless Artic winter. "Just as soon be frozen in a block of ice," Private Smith caustically remarked as he ruefully inspected a frost-bitten toe.

Sergeant Tim O'Conner, veteran of the service who had seen the aurora borealis glow and wane through many a northern winter, spat into the fire and reached for his tobacco pouch. "You-boys don't know nothing," he announced with an air of superiority. "You ought to have been out here in the winter of 1908," he continued. "I was a young 'un then just back from a Canadian logging camp and tough as a pine knot, but that winter—my first one in the service—mighty nigh chilled my bones for good."

Here he paused to pack the bowl of his pipe, and the boys, knowing from experience that the old veteran never failed to tell a whopper, gathered in a circle around the stove.

"Yes sir, that was a real winter. Don't have them kind anymore. Don't know how cold it actually got 'cause all the thermometers froze up and we had to keep the post meterologist—a young feller from down South—stuffed in the kitchen stove for a week to keep

him from freezing.

"The storm began in early December, if I remember right, and kept up for six weeks. In ten days the barracks were entirely covered with snow and ice, and in two weeks we had to climb a fifty foot ladder to find the outside.

"The colonel was a hard man. Born and raised in Siberia, they say, and he made the boys turn out in snowshoes to perform the regular routine duties of the post. Each morning the flag pole and lamp posts were yanked up and replanted on top of the ice, and guard duty went on as usual. The only way we could tell where the barracks were, was by smutty round holes where the smoke came up.

"One night, while the storm was at its height, it fell my duty to inspect the guard. As I plodded from post to post, I noticed that the lights were burning much lower than usual. At first I thought it was just one light, but as I went on I found that all of them were the same. Finally I made an examination to see if the oil was gone, but no, the lamps were full. They had just been refilled that day. I shook one to see if the oil was frozen, I hardly expected to find it so because Siberian kerosene is used in Alaska. It has never been known to solidify. Just as I thought, the oil was still in a liquid state.

"I had heard of 'frozen fire' but never believed it until I rais-

ed that lamp chimney and examined the flame. It was hard as a rock! I then saw what a fool I had been in not believing what more experienced men had told me.

"I wanted to convince my friends of the wonderful discovery I had made, so I went to several posts and broke the flames off even with the wick. Then I hurried down to the guard room. Holding my prizes in one hand I banged on the door with the other. It was jerked open and I plunged inside. But lo! the heat and in a twinkling of an eye they from the stove struck my flames had gone up in smoke. When I told the boys what had happened they all laughed at me, and not one of them believed that I was telling the truth."

With a sigh the old sergeant knocked the ashes out of the bowl of his pipe and prepared to refill it. The boys nudged each other and crept closer to the stove. The pipe refilled and lighted, the sergeant puffed away a few moments in silence. Finally he heaved a sigh and peered into the flames. "Just lots of strange things happened that winter. I'm not going to tell you about the strangest because you wouldn't believe me, but I don't mind speeling off some of the less incredible incidents.

"It was the latter part of January during that cold winter when I came on sergeant of the guard. Everything went accord-

ing to schedule until retreat, the only formation I had to meet that day. I took my place facing the flag pole just as the bugler raised his trumpet to play retreat. He stood there a few moments going through all the motions of blowing the instrument. Then he returned to the guard house. But I hadn't heard a note. There was no wind blowing, and I couldn't understand what was wrong.

"I thought, perhaps, that his lips were so chapped that he couldn't blow, so I went over to confirm my opinions.

"He was crouching around the stove, as I came in, just as though nothing had happened. When I asked him why he had not blown retreat he declared that he had. Everyone present said that they had heard nothing. The poor boy didn't know what to do. It appeared as though he was lying, so there was only one thing to do: prefer charges against him.

The trial was to have been in spring. The weather did not moderate, and each day the poor bugler blew a 'silent retreat.' This seemed to confirm his guilt.

"Then, the day before court was scheduled to convene, it turned warm and the snow began to

melt. Just after the noontime meal I put on my snowshoes and started to splash my way through the slush to the post office. As I passed in front of the guard house I noticed a sickening yellow streak across the snow right in the place where the calls were blown. I wondered at it and went on my way.

"On my way back I became suddenly aware of a weird sound. It grew faster and faster and gained in volume. A whole corps of buglers were playing retreat. I made a dash for the guard room. As I rounded a corner I was struck dumb with amazement. The sickening color I had noticed in front of the guard room was ascending in a cloud of yellow vapor. As the last whiff went up the music stopped! Then I understood what had happened to the bugler's retreat.

"The following day I appeared before the court and explained how the notes had frozen as they came out. The jury was composed of veteran Alaskans and they understood. The bugler came clear as a whistle—but if they had been as green as you fellows are, I would have had a hard time convincing them of my sanity."

MAD MAN'S DREAM

G. M. DICKENSON

"Have you noticed," said an old acquaintance of mine as I sat musing in the lobby of the Argyle Hotel, "the singular change that has come over our friend, Gaston?"

"A change? No, but I haven't seen him in several days. What sort of complex is he laboring under now?"

"Then you have not heard?"

"Heard—what?"

"About Gaston, of course. He—," but just then a bell hop, telegram in hand, interrupted my friend, and he left the hotel in great haste.

Of all my innumerable faults, I am sure my insatiable curiosity supercedes them all. As it never rests, I could not wait. Fully aroused from my day dreams, I hurried out of the hotel and set off at a rapid pace towards Piccadilly where is located the little shoe shop of Wykeham. Wykeham always has the "dope" on strange happenings among the inhabitants of Rotham Row, and I was sure he could enlighten me on matters concerning Gaston.

A change in an ordinary person would not have aroused my curiosity. Being a student of psychology, I had probed full deep into the various moods of man. But Gaston was no ordinary person. Short, rotund and half-Dutchman, he followed the iconoclastic-cynical-hedonic teachings of Nietzsche, Stirner, and Strindberg.

Life to him was a circus and he enjoyed the show immensely. I had never seen him when he did not have the smile of a skeptic on his lips.

I had hardly covered half the distance between the hotel and the shop, when I ran head on into Gaston himself. I recoiled with the shock. The old smiling Gaston—the Gaston that I had known, was gone. Sallow and glum as one in the last stages of jaundice, with drooping eyes and hat pulled low upon his forehead, he slunk by me like a skulking coward.

With my curiosity intensified, I hurried on to Wykeham's shop. But Wykeham could tell me nothing definite and satisfactory. All that he knew was that Gaston and his lawyer, Metz, had been together a great deal in the past few days. But my visit was not altogether fruitless, for I knew that Metz, a good friend of mine, would be glad to tell me all he knew.

Early next morning I strode into the office of my lawyer friend. He greeted me with a jovial "good morning", and bade me have a seat and a good cigar. I approached the subject diplomatically and with considerable caution, but upon mentioning Gaston, I saw a shadow of a smile play about his lips and a twinkle in his eye. I knew, immediately,

that there could be nothing secret about the matter, and that Metz would not be reluctant to commit himself.

"Ah, Gaston, he sighed, biting the end of a cigar, "Yes, indeed, he has changed. But no wonder; can it be possible that you have not heard?" He leaned back in his swivel chair and puffed viciously at his cigar. Finally he wheeled around so as to face me. "Frank", he said leaning slightly forward, "Eldorado has created quite a sensation among those who have heard about it.

"About three weeks ago, I believe, Gaston was searching thru an old safe of his for a document which had been misplaced. While plowing through a pack of musty old letters, his attention was attracted by a paper which he had never seen before. It was—but I'll just show it to you."

He unlocked one of the lower drawers of his desk and drew out an ancient manuscript—so old that it was yellow with age and discolored with liver spots. It really looked like a piece of papyrus and I half expected to see a mass of hieroglyphics when he unfolded it. He spread the paper out on his desk before me, and in neat handwriting was inscribed the following:

"I, Jacob Schuyler, son of the late Marion Scuyler, of Obregion county, for reasons which I do not wish to divulge, hereby grant to the holder of this document my entire estate of Eldorado, which

embraces all the lands between Hardwick creek, on the south, the Martin plantation, on the north, and the two branches of the Hardwick creek on the east and west, the said territory consisting of about fifteen thousand acres."

(Signed) "Jacob Schuyler."

"Very strange, indeed," said I. "But isn't the thing rather, er—non-technical?"

"To be sure, it is non-technical," agreed Metz, "but we have his statement and signature, that makes it legal."

"True."

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"I think Gaston has really struck a bit of luck. But go ahead—explain some more."

Metz seemed amused. "Come," he said, "Let's go to the library."

We strode out into the street and I hailed a cab. My curiosity was near the bursting point. "I have lost a great deal of valuable time" said Metz as he stepped into the car "in attempting to locate the estate. The Martin plantation has long since changed its name. Hardwick creek is, of course, very long and has many branches; and, consequently, even that part of the deed tells us nothing definite. I next endeavored to find some information relating to Eldorado and Schuyler."

"And did you succeed," I broke in feeling that Metz was stringing the story along with extraneous details.

He shrugged his shoulders, "No,"

he said, "in fact, I began to believe that both Eldorado and Schuyler were fictitious. Still I continued the search. I probed ancient public records and directories. But my efforts went unrewarded. At length, one morning as I was riding along the Camden highway—the part parallel to Hardwick creek, you know—I encountered an old farmer. I stopped my car and asked him if he had ever heard anything of a man by the name of Schuyler.

"Eldorado," he repeated, "yes, and old Schuyler—that was almost fifty years ago. I remember him well."

"He then told me of the site of Eldorado, and that Jacob Schuyler had died in 1860. That was all he knew. I next took it upon myself to look through the files of the Daily Sun for the year 1860. I shall show you what I found."

For the next few minutes we were silent. Then, with a groan, the cab drew up at the curb in front of the library. I paid the driver and we hurried in. Metz made his way to a musty little

ante-chamber bedecked with thousands of newspaper files. He selected a row and began counting from the top. Finally he withdrew a bound volume and turned rapidly through it. After what seemed like ages, he found what he was looking for. Pointing to an article snuggled at the bottom of the back page, he shoved the paper towards me. This is what I read:

"Jacob Schuyler, son of the late Marion Schuyler of this county, died here today in the Carson hospital after remaining for several days in a state of coma. He was found on the street in a semi-conscious state, and was rushed to the hospital for medical attention. He never regained his mental faculties.

"Schuyler was an author of some repute, but virtually none of his papers have been found. It is now known that Schuyler, for some of his youthful escapades, was disinherited by his father. This seemed to weigh upon him heavily, especially during the last few weeks of his life, and he died amid wild declarations of his immense property and fortune—."

Editorial

GRIPING

We can't find another word that will portray the meaning and carry the idea across so well as does the slang expression "gripe;" so we will use it in what we consider a true sense of its meaning. We waive any definition of the word that a dictionary may offer for a simpler one of our own. We shall define "griping" as the action or process of giving vent to one's feelings in regard to displeasures, inconveniences, or prejudices.

The continual "griper" is a menace to society, a nuisance. The fellow who goes about wearing a frown, always bearing himself with an air of pessimism, is usually the fellow who finds the most faults with life. And it is he who "gripes" about everything. He finds trouble with everything he comes in contact with. If there is no fault to be found, he can most likely create something which will prove unpleasant to himself as well as to the others concerned. This is the kind of "griping" we abhor. It has been well spoken that the best man is he who can best content himself with whatever conditions surround him.

However, this does not mean that the individual should stand idly by when there is an opportunity for him to improve his conditions. When such is the case, he should do his best to better matters and then content himself with the results. And in bettering one's self in this way, he may well "gripe" in furthering his point, provided it is a point.

The idea we should advance is this: There is a time and place for "griping." It may be used to advantage. But there should be a tangible issue at stake when the radical begins to express himself in a "gripe." Some of the most radical "grippers" in history have gone down in the books of fame because they "griped" for what they thought was right, and what afterwards proved to be right.

H. S. G.

"The Chronicle" staff expresses its regret at not being able to furnish its readers with some good poetry in this number. It has been thought best to let this copy go to press without a poem rather than to publish poems which would make us liable to severe criticism of other exchange editors. This is being done in an attempt to raise the literary standard of poems which may be printed in this publica-

tion. It seems that there is no real poet here, unless through inactivity his ability has been encrusted with the dust of time. No outstanding contributions have been received by the staff this session, and efforts to develop the would-be poets have been in vain so far as securing the desired results is concerned. The problem of supplying this magazine with poetry appears to be an unsolvable one; nevertheless, the staff is determined to do its best in encouraging the contributors and making comments whenever they are due. In chief, the reason why all the poetic attempts were turned down this time, is that they failed to carry the thought which of necessity must be included in a good poem. The subjects were badly chosen; the tendency was to forget the substance of thought in trying to secure rhyme and rhythm. The majority of the poetry submitted met the mechanical requirements, but failed sadly in thought; had they been supplemented with more feeling and sentiment, some of them would have been really creditable poems.

M. A. J.





Tiger Cheer



It may be true that present day clothing is poor insulation for the girl who is a live wire, but very few of us become shocked.

Teacher: Abie, can you name the senses?

Abie: Five centses, ten centses, fifteen centses, twenty centses, etc.

"Ikey, vot iss a pauper?"

"A popper iss the guy vot married mommer."

Entomology professor: "What well known birds are becoming the greatest nuisances in the country?"

Intelligent Sophomore: "The Two Black Crows."

"Hambone, can you tell me the difference between contented and satisfied?"

"Yas suh, I is satisfied I saw you kissin' my wife, but I ain't contented wif it at all."

His feet are twelve inches long but he doesn't use them as a rule.

Lipstick is not the sweetest thing in the world but sometimes its's next to the sweetest thing in the world.

Eve: Adam, I simply must have one of those new sealskin coats."

Adam: "Your bearskin looks much better; why don't you wear it?"

Eve: "Well, I don't care A-Dam if I do."

Most of our friends remind us of the letter "P"; they are first in pity and last in help.

"I almost drowned when I fell off that bridge the other day, the water came almost to my knees."

"But that wasn't deep enough to drown in."

"Oh yes it was too, I went in head first."

"What are you mad with George about?"

"He started telling a naughty story the other night at my party and I ran him off 'n'everyone at the party followed him home to hear the rest of it."

Old lady (very excitedly : STOP THAT MAN! STOP THAT MAN! HE'S A BOOTLEGGER!")

Chief Allison (very consolingly): "There, there, don't get all excited. There'll be another one along in a minute."

Song hit for this week: "Any old cat can be the cat's whiskers, but it takes a tom cat to be the cat's paw."

We know a man who is so grammatical that every time he sees an abbreviated skirt he looks after it for a period.

'Twas a wonderful night for driving and she was just the girl to be driving with. He couldn't desist, she wouldn't resist so by this time he was driving with one arm. But, as is the way with all women she was soon conscience stricken. Finally she asked in a sweet tone of voice: "Don't you think you'd better use both arms?"

"Sorry," came the mournful reply, "but I can't drive with my knees."

Of all the dirty digs—it was a man who said he didn't like the cheer leader because his forefathers were Cliff Dwellers!

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Exchanges

EXCHANGES

"The Wake Forest Student"

To Henry J. Overman, editor of "The Wake Forest Student", we extend our congratulations. The publication which he pilots reflects intelligence, initiative, resourcefulness, and good taste. It is really worth reading. That's more than can be said of most college magazines. The articles embodied within the covers of "The Student" are well written. In subject matter they range from medicine to teaching. The fiction is as good as can be expected from students of a grade "A" literary college. We hope that Editor Overman will continue to hold his magazine to the high standards set by the first issue.

"The Criterion"

"The Criterion", literary magazine of Columbia College, is a veritable scrapbook of material the nature of which, as a whole, is neither good nor bad—just indifferent. A strain of emotionalism rings through the magazine reflecting the innate emotional nature of woman. The poems sing songs of love and unfulfilled desires; the articles give age old advice; and the stories, like the poems, are pen sketches of love's day-dreams.

"The Journal"

With the exception of the leading article entitled "A View Of Collegiate Religion", by Tom Lawson. "The Journal", of Wofford College, is a creditable publication. Even Mr. Lawson's article is well written, but we don't believe he knew exactly what he was writing about. "Madness", by John Smith, is especially interesting. Still it doesn't reflect any noteworthy creative accomplishments. Many a fictitious character has fired at his own image reflected in a mirror. We suspect Mr. I. O. Eusome has a vivid imagination. He couldn't have written "The Truth—Exaggerated" without one.

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VOLUME ~~XXV~~ XXVI

NUMBER 3

DECEMBER

1927



The Chronicle

Edited by M. A. JONES

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TERMS: Issued monthly, with the exception of July, August and September. Twenty-five cents per copy, two dollars per term. Entered at the Clemson College Post-Office as second-class matter.

DOPIN' IT OUT

DINK WOODWARD—'28

I'm a tryin my best to figger
Out a problem that grows bigger.
A lot o' things have happened here of late.
Folks are thinkin' lots more of me,
Sayin' things that's far above me;
Someones' allus tryin' to tell me how I rate.

Yesterday I got a letter,
An' I've never read one better;
Yet I'd never heard from that ol' gal before.
I wouldn'a give it any mention
Nor have paid it any 'tention,
But today I got about a dozen more.

There was one from Ann, and Mary,
And a card from Nell McCreary,
Whom I haven't seen nor heard of since last fall.
And a note from little Sal
(You know she used to be my gal.)
It took a half a day to read them all.

Now I guess I shouldn't mind it
But there's something sure behind it;
It happened once before, I recollect.
It was back in last December—
Ah! So clear now I remember!
It's gettin' on towards Christmas time, By Heck!

CHRISTMAS EVE "AT HOME"

HARPER GAULT, '28

Saturday afternoon, almost four-thirty, Christmas Eve; the paper was going to press. Soon it would be in the hands of the many readers. Robert Gray, the young city editor, arose from his desk, reached for his overcoat, and ambled over to the radiator to join the little group of reporters and office men already getting ready to leave the office when the first copies of the paper had 'come off'.

"Plenty cold now," commented Gray, "wouldn't be a bit surprised if it is snowing in the morning."

"Yeah", Ramsey the head reporter replied, "and I've never seen better liquor weather. It's going to be a great night for the party."

"I guess you'll be with us up in Tom's apartment tonight, Bob?" one of the 'desk' men questioned Gray.

"Can't make it this time boys," Bob smiled; "got to spend the evening at home. The wife will expect me. Bet you birds kill a big 'un though."

"Aw gee, Bob," coaxed young Sparks, the cub, "Here we've all been digging a whole year. Let's celebrate for one night anyway. See if you can't slip out."

"Got a case of Scotch up there," put in Tom Barton, the 'make-up' man, "And the Aviation Girls are coming up after their last show at the Rivoli. We're going to welcome Christmas with plenty of cheer, eh fellows?"

"Remember last year Bob?" asked Carter, the sports man; "course though, you weren't married then. Guess you feel older now—you being promoted and married too." He winked at the circle around him.

Bob colored slightly. "Maybe the rest of you can fool someone into marrying you if you will cut out the fool and settle down." At this he straightened up and put on a boyish grin of pride.

Then some one came in with a bunch of papers and the men stopped talking to look over the events of the day. Each had his own little niche in the making of the paper, but the remainder of the 'get up' was news to him. Gray glanced casually over the headlines, thrust the paper in his pocket and made for the door. Soon the others followed. Plans had already been completed for the office force to meet in Barton's rooms at eight o'clock that evening.

"I dare say Bob won't enjoy sitting at home by the fire as much as he would being with us to-night," Ramsay remarked to Barton as they were leaving.

"Hardly," replied Barton; "you know Bob used to be somewhat of a devil anyway."

And so the newspaper men went their ways, each to celebrate the coming of Christmas in his own way.

Bob's brisk steps soon led him out to the new development of the city. Down a street of neat bungalows he strode. Although it was hardly evening, the shades of night were already beginning to fall. Hospitable windows invited one to look in at the gay holiday decorations, in and out of which the frolicking creations of a crackling fire scampered and danced in an ecstasy of cosy warmth and cheer. Unconsciously young Gray quickened his step, did a rather exaggerated right face, and turned in before one of the friendly little houses.

This edifice of new red brick was to Bob Gray, home. A realization of boyish hopes, a reality of dreams come true, and all that one holds dear were embodied within these four walls for Bob.

With a single bound Gray was on the little veranda, his hand on the door—he hesitated. "Surprise her!" by George, she was not expecting him so early either. He had told her that they would perhaps have to work later than usual to-day on the Christmas Eve edition. Then he waited a moment, grasped the knob and gently turned it, waited again, then finally opened the door. Not a sound came from within. She must be back in the kitchenette: he reflected. Silently he closed the door, removed his coat and hat, and stealthily moved toward the dining room door. Still no sound reached his ears. Then he pushed the door open and peered into the dining-room and through the open door of the miniature kitchen.

"By gum!" he ejaculated, "joke's on me. She evidently did not expect me until late and has gone somewhere."

He returned to the living-room where a cheerful fire bade him enter and make himself at home. Bob took his favorite chair and turned his attention to the paper. However, before he had settled himself comfortably, he heard someone coming up the front steps. He, still a player of pranks, sprang up and concealed himself behind his chair. He heard the front door open and close. Then he peeped from his hiding place behind the great chair.

And lo, a halo appeared and an angel stood in the doorway. Bob smiled happily—it was his wife.

"All right Bobby, come on out," she called, her blue eyes dancing as she looked about the room, "I know you're here. I can always tell when a man has been in my house." She advanced a step.

And then Bob sprang forward and, before she could utter her surprised protest, he had gathered her up in his arms and was covering her lips, her hair, and her curved throat with kisses. She

ceased to struggle and her arms went about his neck and clung there. Then as he felt her soft cheek against his rough one he whispered, "My girl, gee, I like to say it. Even back in college, how I used to bragg about, my girl."

And she, "My boy," and then, "For Heaven's sake put me down Bobby. You'll get me all mussed up, I haven't even pulled off my coat and my dress will be all wrinkled." And she playfully slapped his face, "Naughty boy."

Bob gently placed her feet on the floor, but he still held her at arms length. "By Jove," he breathed, "Tommy, you look like a million dollars." Her name was Paula but he had called her Tommy, an affectionate interpretation of "Tom Boy," ever since he had come home to find her dressed in a pair of overalls, her face smeared with grease and dirt, trying to fix the timer on the roadster.

"We don't need the million," she cooed, "but I'll bet I know a little boy who has got to go back up town and get the celery he forgot to bring home when he came," she gently scolded him.

"Well er—you see, we finished early to-day and I was hurrying home and I wanted to er—."

"Run along now, you can make up an excuse while you're on the way. Dinner will be ready when you get back, hurry dear." Tommy freed herself and led him toward the door. "And when you've finished helping me with the dishes after dinner, maybe there will be a surprise if you're a good lil' boy," she called as he opened the door.

That evening two very happy young people sat very close together on a great divan in a cozy little room and watched the changing pictures in the embers of the flickering fire. Now and then the room, lighted only by the fire, would become suddenly illuminated as the flames would burn brighter. It had begun to snow, and the wind outside was playfully chasing the new-woven whiteness here and there. All was silent inside save for the ticking of the funny little old clock which pointed to eleven-fifteen.

"Gracious!" Tommy suddenly brought them back to earth, "I forgot all about the surprise. Now just sit where you are—no, it's a letter. I haven't read it of course but I think I know what it contains," she handed Bob a letter bearing the name of a New York publisher.

Wonderingly, yet almost feverishly, he tore the envelope open and eagerly scanned the letter. Then he gave a whoop, threw the letter into the air, and seized his radiant wife as he commenced a war dance about the room.

"At last, we've done it," he cried; "Tommy they've accepted—the People's Magazine—bought my story for two hundred shekels, whoopee!"

Tommy brought him to a halt long enough to press a kiss upon his happy face. "I'm so proud of my boy," she bubbled. "I knew you would succeed. Didn't I tell you so all the time?"

And when they had finished the celebration and again sat by the fire, Bobby pulled the curly head over to his shoulder and patted her cheek. "Remember how we used to dream of these things," he asked. "I had no idea that they would all come true."

"We called them 'bubbles' when we would describe them in our letters didn't we? And we prayed so that our beautiful bubbles would not burst and," she snuggled closer, "and now—."

She was interrupted by the ringing of the door bell. Bob roused himself from his comfortable position and went out into the hall to the front door. In a moment he returned with a telegram in his hand.

"Wonder who the heck is sending us a message this time of night," he mused as he opened the yellow envelope. Then he read aloud:

Best wishes for a Merry Christmas to Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Gray and their "Blue Heaven."

Tom and the Gang.

Bobby glanced at the little old clock on the mantle. It was five minutes of twelve. "By Jove Tommy, it's almost Christmas, let's tune in with the radio and hear the chimes."



THE CHRISTMAS CAROL

GUY HUTCHINS

Silent Night, Holy Night
All is calm, All is Bright.

The Christmas story—a thousand times retold, and each time it becomes sweeter and more precious to us. Who does not thrill at the wondrous beauty of it and, with the magic, pause to adore? Who does not marvel, and, with the Shepherds, tremble at the glorious sight? Who does not with the children cry: "Tell us, Oh! tell us again."

All of us know the story—have heard it many times. But who has heard it told only in mere word language, however soulfully presented, has been denied that enthralling rapture experienced in the musical setting. Music is language divine. It reveals to the soul its relation to the God head.

But let us review the scene,
"O Little Town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie.
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by."

Does not this little carol give to us the picture in a frame of pure gold? How clearly we see the little village so snugly tucked away in the hills of Judea. We draw nearer along the starlit streets. There is the inn, and there the stable where

"Away in a Manger, no crib for his bed,
The Little Lord Jesus lay down his sweet head."

The three wise men with their costly gifts, guided to the spot by the Stars of the East, are gathered

"Round yon Virgin, Mother and Child,
Holy Infant, so tender and mild."

The scene shifts to the hills, where the shepherds have been awakened by a great light, and the voice of an angel comes to them saying, "Fear not ye, for I bring you good tidings of great joy. For unto this night, in the city of David, is born a Savior which is Christ the Lord." And finally the great climax,—for

"Hark the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King."

Without Mendelssohn's grand old hymn we could never hear that glorious song of the heavenly host who with the Angel sang:

"Peace on earth and mercy mild.
God and sinner reconciled."

THE TIGER

P. H. REYNOLDS,—'23

A scent is in the breeze,
Wafted softly thru the trees,
For the quarry's straight ahead.
Stands the stalker, still as dead—
The Tiger.

Then there comes a deafening sound
As the hunter leaves the ground;
There to battle with his prey
Till he's victor of the day—
The Tiger.

NEMESIS

ANON

I

Night of horrors, what screaming terrors you hold for mortal man: what overwhelming fear of the unseen: what ghastly extremes of agony lurk within your stifling shroud. A sea of despair sweeps through my throbbing brain. The boundaries which divide life and death approach—they meet—they merge into a single line. The silver thread snaps—I die!

II

Alone in an unknown land far from friends and home. Mud, treacherous mud! How many terror-stricken creatures have you sucked down into your greedy depths? The very bowl which holds you must be of bone and quivering flesh. And now I too am destined to become a component part of your viscous slime: food for green frogs, sluggish snakes and salamanders: drink for rank mold and bloated weed.

How slow is time. How the elements mock my agony. The last day of my life is suffused with living horrors. Slowly, slowly down I sink. Inch by inch—second by second—death approaches! I have ceased to struggle. The sucking mud engulfs my shoulders. Half an hour to live—then a pallid corpse. I shudder with the abhorrence of it.

It is the stillness of the grave that torments my festering brain. Gloom settles low upon the swamp as if to blot out the horror of my dying gasps. The monster of terror fans my fever-cracked face with sultry breath. It's not the guilt of my dark deeds that weight upon me—it's death! Death and the haunting image of my own putrifying self bloated with gore and deep in a watery grave. My discolored fancy runs riot. Eternity sweeps towards me; the end is near.

III

I deserve to die. I am a murderer—a cold-blooded killer, one of the predatory mob. I have heard the death rattle in the blackened throat of one victim: I have seen the crimson spread across the slashed breast of another: a third I shot and laughed in ghoulish glee as blood gushed from his gaping forehead. Then fate stepped in. Detected I fled, but the nemesis of my dead pursued. And now the grave laughs in derision. I am sucked to my death in the congealed wounds of my victims. My span of life is almost done. Tonight mud will stop my nostrils and clog my lungs; tonight I become a memory.

I'm dying, Chicago, dying!

IV

Like grim sentinels of the land of dreams faintly silhouetted against a drab horizon, gaunt skeletons of long-dead moss-draped trees project from without the green swampy skum and clutch at a forbidding sky as craving surcease from agony. Dirty, clotted clouds tumble low across the morass. The atmosphere is stifling, sultry, and intolerably oppressive.

Everything is suffused in a faintly luminous and unnatural light. Moisture clings in great beads to the rank weeds and sodden trees. From a gnarled, lichen encrusted limb, which droops like a withered hand above my head, vapor condenses into brackish drops. The globules move militantly to the tip of a branch, hesitate, tremble, and fall with rhythmic precision upon a shriveled melancholy weed not three feet from me. Drip—drip—drip—they subtract precious seconds from my life. I scream in frenzied anguish. My muffled cry is smothered in the encroaching darkness. Mud oozes up around my lips. My last word has been uttered. I am forever silent.

V

A half an inch to live—a half an inch from lip to nose. This gone and life expires. Fate holds her scissors to the silken thread. Ten minutes more. The breadth of a hair, yet a million magic leagues. I have committed murder in ten minutes: I have robbed a bank: I have escaped the law by that margin, and now, in that miserable span of measured time, I die. The winged envoys of destiny have fulfilled their mission; they are ready to depart. Drip—drip—drip—my God, how the seconds fly!

Oh, for a few hours of yesterday. In madness my memory buries itself in an almost forgotten past. Out of the unreal shadows of night come back the life that I had known. If it were only within my power to recall the tides of time and be myself again in a golden hour of yesterday.

I could have been a preacher, a lawyer or a banker: I could have been an honest man, a builder and a leader. But what am I—a thief—a murderer—a damned soul! I cry in agony after my lost youth. Mud rushes in and stops my mouth. The stench of the swamp is strong in my nostrils. Drip—drip—drip—weeps the drooping limb. Each scorching drop burns deep into my quivering soul. Five minutes more; the hour glass of life runs low.

VI

Memories gather like an ulcer on my mind. Mockingly my life passes in review. Childhood, youth and maturity march in vague shadows through the kaleidoscope of my past. Humor, pathos,

triumph, failure, compassion, brutality—they are all there. I am a tiny tot crying in my mother's arms: I am sitting on my father's knee: it is my first day in school: Mary Ann looks at me with big brown eyes: I am running away from home: I steal from a grocer: I stab a boy in a fight: I buy a pistol: I commit robbery. Now I am crouching in a dark alley. Someone is approaching—nearer—nearer. I spring from my hiding place. There is a wild cry, a dull thud. A limp form lies at my feet. The front of his white shirt slowly turns crimson. In my hand I hold a knife.

It is night. I slink down a dimly lighted hallway. Stealthily I open a door. I go in. A struggle—silence! A woman lies dead in a disheveled bed. On her throat are finger marks.

It is another night. A night not so long ago. A flash cuts through the darkness: a report shatters the stillness. A pallid form lies in a gutter. Blood spurts from a gaping wound in his forehead. I laugh as I crouch beneath the wheel of a high powered car.

The review moves slowly now. It is yesterday. I am struggling through a forest. Behind me are armed men and bloodhounds. I am desperate. On and on I go. The land becomes low and swampy. I cannot turn back. The baying of the hounds freezes the blood in my veins. Onward, onward, ever onward!

A long night passes, a night in which the moon hung low in the sky like a grinning skull. Now it is today. I have wandered far into the morass. I am lost. My clothes are in tatters; I am torn, scratched, half-starved and knee deep in brackish water. Innumerable stinging insects torture me. My face and hands are swollen prodigiously. I am in a living hell.

The last phase of the review is marching by. It is noon. I am writhing in a mass of glue-like mud. Suddenly, with a sharp cry, I mire up to my waist. I struggle frantically to extract myself. I sink deeper. It is hopeless. I am lost. Slowly, almost unnoticeably, I am sucked downward to my tomb. Slowly—slowly—slowly—that invincible god of the morass draws me to its bosom. I suffer in blind agony like a scorpion who stings himself in his own rage.

Drip—drip—drip—the seconds pass. It is total night. The light of day is forever gone. Cadaverous blackness of eternal darkness encompass me in a shroud. In a few seconds more I shall know what lies beyond the shadowy veil. Drip—drip—drip—fall the separate atoms of agony. Time, being dead, races nimbly to the front, drags a hideous future from the grave, and shows it to me. Drip—drip—drip—will death never come?

A thrill of wild terror! It is the end. Mud clogs my nose—my lungs burst! A twisted flash of pain shatters my reason. Nerves snap—muscles are convulsed—the review has passed—I am dying—dying—dying—forever more—!

CHRISTMAS MAGIC

HARPER GAULT,—'28

Decorations, red and green,
Sweet cantatas, soft and low,
Tinkling bells with silver peal,
Soft and gently falls the snow,
Peace and quiet as darkness falls
On a world of Christmas cheer,
"Peace on earth good will toward men"
Joy and happiness everywhere.



DECEPTIVE RECEPTION

M. H. WOODWARD, '28

Down in sunny Dixie, miles from the nearest town, is the well known Blake Plantation. The Blake Mansion stands like a castle in the wilderness among the numerous small negro quarters which surround it. At a short distance back of the mansion, where the enormous oaks with their flowing drapery of long gray moss shelter and protect them from the tumult of noise and clamor of the outside world, are the negro shacks, each a palace in itself. It may be truly said that here is the real land of 'possums and 'taters, corn and cotton, banjos and darkie dancing.

In one of these cabins lived old Mum Julia and Uncle Eph. Mum Julia and Uncle Eph both had seen slavery times under the original Bob Blake, who in spite of his years, was still successfully managing the plantation. Mum Julia had been the heroine at the birth of Rose, Bob Blake's only daughter, and ever since had nursed, petted and punished Rose as she would her own child. She was Rose's safest refuge in time of trouble. Rose had learned her first songs sitting on Mum Julia's knee; had danced her first steps to the tune of Uncle Eph's fiddle. And now that Rose had come to the age where she must go to school, both Mum Julia and Uncle Eph were very lonely. Each day as the old mammy took her post at the kitchen stove in the Blake's home she would inquire as to how long it would be before her "darlin'" was coming home.

"It's only a week until Christmas," Colonel Bob finally told her, "and Rose is coming tomorrow night." All that day Mum Julia worked hard about the house getting all Rose's things arranged exactly as she had left them. When dark came Mum Julia went home, tired but happy, to wait for the morrow.

Rose's mother was an aristocratic person of English birth. She had no use for the negroes except for their work, and she resented her husband's affection for them. She had never taken much interest in Rose except that she had often stated her desire that Rose marry into the English nobility. This fact caused the married life of Colonel Blake to be very unhappy. Had it not been for Rose they would not have lived together nearly so long.

Colonel Bob realized that he was getting old. He had no son to take care of the plantation. He was very anxious that Rose marry a man who could take his place when he was gone. Gene Alden was the assistant to Colonel Bob. He had held this position since the year before when he had left college, his Junior year, compelled to go to work. Gene being an ambitious worker, soon captured the

old man's heart by showing that he knew how to manage a plantation. Gene's father had once owned the plantation adjoining the Blake place. Bob Blake and Gene's father had grown up together, frolicked together, and had fought side by side in the war. Gene's father had fallen in debt and had finally drunk himself to death, leaving Gene to struggle for an education. Gene hoped to return to college next year and finish. He and Rose had been sweethearts since childhood, but in the last few years Gene had been away, and now that he was back, Rose was away. They wrote each other sometimes but lately something had come between them.

The day of Rose's arrival finally came. There was much excitement in the little colony of darkies. Every one of them loved "Mis' Rose." They had missed her greatly since she went away. They all looked forward to Christmas every year with great anticipation, that being the time when Rose always had a Christmas tree and gave them all presents. Every one was always remembered, from the tiniest pickaninny to the oldest, grayest, grandfather.

Rose came. She was smothered in Mum Julia's great black arms the minute she stepped from the family car. Her first question, when she found an opportunity to speak, was, "Where's Gene?" Mum Julia concealed a smile and rolled her eyes over to Uncle Eph as if to say, "What did I tell you?"

Gene was not at the house when Rose arrived but he had left a note with Mum Julia for her. Mum Julia took the note from her stocking and gave it to Rose, who opened it and read:

Rose dearest:

I had to go to town on some business for your father. I'll be back tonight and you may expect me about eight o'clock.

Love,

Gene.

She looked at her watch. It was only nine in the morning; eleven hours she would have to wait. She changed from her traveling suit to a plain cotton outfit and started to walk around the old home. Mum Julia finished her chores and went back to the cabin with Uncle Eph.

Rose was sitting amid a crowd of Pickaninnies telling them tales and making them laugh. Her coal black hair shone like onyx as the sunlight fell upon it. She was even more beautiful than before she left.

While she was thus amusing herself, the mail carrier rode up and handed her a letter. Rose left the crowd of Pickaninnies and walked off to read it. As she glanced through the lines her smiles

changed suddenly to tears. Her hopes for the best holidays she had ever spent were blasted. She hurried to Mum Julia's house to tell her the sad news.

"Wha's wrong with my honey chile?" asked Mum Julia as she wiped away Rose's tears. Rose confided her troubles to Mum Julia.

"Do you remember that old English Count who visited us last summer?" asked Rose. Mum Julia did. "Well," continued Rose, "I've just received a letter from him and he says that mother has invited him to spend the holidays with us."

"Well, honey, don't you want to see him?" asked, Mum Julia.

"Indeed I don't!" replied Rose. "I can't stand him. He proposes to me regularly once a month. He wants me to marry him because he knows father has money. Mother wants me to marry him, but I won't. Mum Julia, I won't! He came down here last summer and kept me away from Gene the whole time he was here. Gene suspected me of liking him too. I promised Gene that I'd never see that man again. Gene and I were going to make up to-night but this pest, Count De Leigh, is going to break up all my plans." At this Rose broke down and cried.

"Now, now, honey don't you fret. Ol Mum Julia ain' goin' let no ol furriner come and spoil nothin' dis chile plans. You jus' go on 'bout your playin' and let me take care of this old critter," comforted Mum Julia.

"But He's coming about eight o'clock," said Rose, "and Gene won't be here until about eight-thirty."

"Dat's all right," replied the old mammy, "You just go on and don't worry no more and I'll do somethin' about it." Rose promised that she would try not to worry any more and went away. She left Mum Julia and Uncle Eph holding a serious conference.

Count Cecil De Leigh was speeding along a narrow country road in his new roadster. What if it was not paid for? He would soon be married to one of the prettiest and surely the most wealthy girls in the South. He could pay for any car he wanted then. He was riding along through the country peacefully musing when suddenly the whole bottom seemed to drop out of the road. Upon examination he found that both rear wheels had mired down in mud to the axle. He adjusted his monocle and sat down on the running board hoping that someone would soon come along and help him out of his plight.

Presently, from around a bend in the road, came a fat old negro woman and a lanky old negro man running for all they were worth. De Leigh got out in the road and flagged them down.

"I say, old chap," he addressed the man, "I'm in what the Americans call the devil of a place. I can't make my car get itself out of this blawsted hole."

"We is sorry but we can't help you none," answered the old woman.

"You seem to be in a terrible hurry", said De Leigh.

"Yas suh, we is", answered the man. "Dere's goin to be a killin' down de road to-night and we don't crave to be aroun' when it happens. When Old Colonel Bob Blake starts killin' he's liable to kill everybody in sight. Us ain't goin' to be in sight."

"Ha! Deah me! Surely you don't mean to say that Colonel Robert Blake is going to commit murder?" asked De Leigh surprisedly.

"Dat's just what he's gonna do", answered the woman.

"But Rose Blake's father isn't the kind of a man to kill a person," answered the count, "Whom is he going to murder?"

"I don't know," said the woman, "but there's some old fool Englishman what wants to marry his daughter. I think his name is Delay. Marse Bob don't like his daughter goin' with him so he's sure goin' to kill him."

"Are you sure that he would do such a thing?"

"Listen," answered the man, "I've worked for dat 'ere man since we were both young. If he don't shoot this Englishman it'll be because de Englishman don't come. Kun'l Bob don't look like he was lookin' this evening only except when he's goin' to kill somebody. The last time I seen him a lookin' that way was two years ago when he killed poor Jack and Joe for stealin' his chickens. Yas suh, dere's goin' to be a killin' as sure as my name is Eph."

"An' as sure as my name is Julia I ain't goin' to be dere when it happens," interrupted the old woman.

Uncle Eph noticed that the Count's knees were trembling; he was pleased.

"Say, do you think you two could help me get this car turned around? If you will, I'll give you a lift and we'll get away from this murderous place," suggested the count.

De Leigh was so excited that he failed to notice where Uncle Eph got a mule. The mule was hurriedly hitched to the rear of the car, and in a moment the car was free from the mud hole.

"No thanks, I defers to walk," said Mum Julia when the count offered them a ride in his car. And the count was soon speeding in the opposite direction as fast as six cylinders could carry him.

Uncle Eph and Mum Julia had their laugh. Mum Julia declared that she had never seen anything work better. Uncle Eph went over to a little clump of plum bushes and brought out a shovel. He busied himself covering up the hole he had dug only an hour before. Mum Julia hitched the mule to the wagon, which they had left around the bend in the road.

"If the good Lord now, will only pardon a white little lie 'bout Kun'l Bob bein' so mean about murderin' folks, us is all right," laughed Mum Julia. The Count never would have guessed that Jack and Joe were two dogs which Mr. Blake had killed for catching chickens.

As soon as they were back at the mansion, Mum Julia rushed up to Rose's room. Rose was sitting in a large armchair, gazing despairingly out into space.

"Honey, yo' Mum Julia has done gone and fixed everything," exclaimed the old mammy as she caught both Rose's hands and led her in a sort of a May dance around the room. Rose was taken by surprise.

"What do you mean?" asked Rose.

"I means that you ain't gonna be pestered with dat ol' Count No Count no more," she answered.

"But, Mum Julia, how did you ever do it?" asked Rose.

"Don't bother, 'bout dat honey," she answered, "get on your clo'es Mr. Gene am downstairs a waitin'."

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

W. S. HARRISON, '28

About this time every year there's a new feeling that takes hold of me. I don't know how to explain it, but I'll try to describe it.

When the holly decorations have begun and the holiday rush is on, I am always happier than I have been all during the year. My heart is lighter and gay. I forget my worry and troubles and "by-gones are by-gones". A feeling of Peace steals over my soul. I am willing to forgive my enemies and I heartily sponsor the "peace on earth" sentiment.

I don't understand why the coming of Christmas makes one feel this way. But the very air seems to be tingling with cheer and good-will. Perhaps it is our Maker, the Prince of Peace, who speaks thus to us.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

BY EUGENE PARKER

Books have come to play an important part in the selection of Christmas gifts. Father might abominate safety razors or red neckties; mother may be tired of receiving commonplace remembrances; any number of friends may be disappointed at the unsuitable gifts they receive. But there are books to fit each individuality. For the assistance of those who wish to give books at Christmas, this column is devoted to suggested volumes for various individuals.

Mother perhaps enjoys fiction if it be well done. For her there is *Impatient Griselda*, by Dorothy Scarborough (Harpers, \$2.50); *Jalna*, by Mazo de la Roche (Little, Brown, \$2.00); *Flamingo*, by Mary Borden (Doubleday, Page, \$2.00); *Caste*, by Cosmo Hamilton (Putnam, \$2.00); *My Heart And My Flesh*, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (Viking, \$2.50); *Splendor*, by Ben Ames Williams (Dutton, \$2.50); *Conflict*, by Olive Higgins Prouty (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50); or if non-fiction is desirable there is William Lyon Phelps' delightful little volume, *Happiness* (Dutton, \$1.00), which would just slip in the box with some gift, and which would surely please.

Father would doubtless prefer his fiction of the stern and realistic variety; for example *The Tapestry*, by J. D. Beresford (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50); *Men Without Women*, by Ernest Hemingway (Scribners, \$2.00); *Dusty Answer*, by Rosamond Lehmann (Henry Holt, \$2.50); or he is certain to appreciate *And So To Bed*, by J. B. Fagan (Holt, \$2.00). This *Smoking World*, by A. E. Hamilton (Century, \$2.50) would intrigue him if he uses tobacco.

Sister will exult with Richard Halliburton over a romantic voyage in *The Glorious Adventure* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$5.00). She would also enjoy *Come To My House*, by Arthur Somers Roche (Century, \$2.00); or *Blind Windows*, by Edwina Levin MacDonald (Macaulay, \$2.00); *The House Made with Hands* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50); and *Children Of The Ritz*, by Cornell Woolrich (Boni & Liveright, \$2.00).

Brother, if he be young, will delight in *Touchdown*, by A. A. Stagg (Longmans, Green, \$2.50). If he is older, he will receive information and pleasure from *Your Money's Worth*, by Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink (Macmillan, \$2.00). Brothers often prefer detective stories, and this season provides a wealth of them: *The Dancing Silhouette*, by Natalie Sumner Lincoln (Appleton, \$2.00); *The Canary Murder Case*, by S. S. Van Dine (Scribners, \$2.00); *Where's Emily?* by Carolyn Wells (Lippincott, \$2.00); *The Master Mind* by Cleveland Moffet (Appleton, \$2.00); and *Find The Clock*, by Harry Stephen Keeler (Dutton, \$2.00). In the realm of sophisticated fiction, there is *This Way Up*, by Solita Solano (Putnam, \$2.00); *Zelda Marsh*, by

Charles G. Norris (Dutton, \$2.50); and *The American Caravan* (Macaulay, \$5.00); although the last named is a symposium of various forms.

Mother-in-law, of the troublesome variety, is the easiest problem of the entire Christmas lists. *The Winthrops*, by Sybil Norton (Brentano's, \$2.00) is so patently designed for their reading that any other selection would be foolish.

Heading the list of children's books, A. A. Milne's *Now We Are Six* (Dutton, \$2.00) is most fortunate. There are countless other juveniles of decided merit.

For the friend who is interested in politics and public affairs, select *Men of Destiny*, by Walter (Macmillan, \$2.50), or *Cities And Men*, by Ludwig Lewisohn (Harpers, \$2.50), or *An Introduction To American politics*, by Penfield Roberts (Harcourt, Brace).

Books of humor have been none too numerous this season. Among the best are *Carry On, Jeeves*, by P. G. Wodehouse (Doran, \$2.00); *Are You Decent?* by Wallace Smith (Putnam, \$2.50); and *The Classics in Slang*, by H. C. Witwer (Putnam, \$2.00).

Mr. Mencken's two new books. *Selected Prejudices and Prejudices, Sixth Series*; and George Jean Nathan's *Land Of the Pilgrim's Pride*, all published by Knopf at \$2.50, provide ample material for the American Mercury school.

Don Marquis has compiled the gems from his columning into a book, *Archy And Mehitabel* (Doubleday, Page, \$2.00) in which the careers of Archy, the cockroach, and his friends are delineated. This attractive volume would be welcomed by any recipient.

Alas, Poor Yorick, by Alfred H. Bill (Little, Brown, \$2.50) will just fill a niche in your Christmas list if you have a friend who is a devotee of Laurence Sterne.

For the man who painfully recalls the "good old days," there could hardly be a more satisfying gift than *My Pious Friends And Drunken Companions*, by Frank Shay (Macaulay, \$2.00).

SOMETHING ABOUT UNITED STATES MONEY

ANON.

We wonder, when we see people exchanging money for produce whether they know what the value of what they term "greenbacks" really is. We doubt if many people know that there is a limit to "change" as legal tender, or in other words, that five and one cent pieces do not have to be accepted as payment of a debt over twenty-five cents, or that change of any kind may not be accepted as payment of a debt greater than ten dollars. That is to say that a dealer does not have to accept more than twenty-five cents in nickles and pennies, and not more than ten dollars in any kind of change. How many people do you suppose know that there are eleven kinds of money in use in the United States.

In 1923 there was in the United States \$8,716,000,000. Three billion of this was gold coin and bullion, four hundred and forty-two million were silver dollars, three hundred and forty-seven million were United States notes, and the remainder of the sum was made up of the other denominations of United States money. Of the entire amount, four billion represents gold and silver coin, while three billion is accounted for in different kinds of gold and silver certificates and in notes of some five descriptions. We shall now take up and explain the eleven kinds of money which is in circulation in the United States.

(1). Gold coin and bullion. Our standard money is gold coin. The unit is the gold dollar which contains 25.8 grains of standard gold. We do not have a one dollar gold coin because it would be too small. The smallest gold coin is the "quarter eagle" (\$2.50). Gold bullion is uncoined gold. The United States Treasury keeps on hand a large amount of bullion which is ready to be coined when needed. Bullion may be used in trading the same as gold coin.

(2). The silver dollar. The silver dollar contains 412.5 grains of standard silver. It is assumed that everyone knows what a silver dollar is although, because they are so heavy, most of them are kept in the Treasury.

(3). Subsidiary silver coins. Subsidiary silver coins are the half dollar, the quarter, and the dime. They make up two hundred and sixty-nine million dollars in the United States.

(4). Minor coins. The minor coins are the one and five cent pieces, the nickel and the copper. They are estimated to make up one hundred and two millions of dollars in our country.

(5). Gold certificates. Gold certificates are representative money. The handling of these certificates enables us to use gold money without actually handling the coins. At all times there is in the

United States Treasury, set aside in a separate fund, an amount of gold coin exactly equal to the gold certificates. These gold certificates are thus backed by our government and may be redeemed in actual gold upon demand by the holder of the certificate. And vice versa the exchange of gold coin for certificates may be made.

(6). Silver certificates. The silver certificate corresponds with the gold certificate. The Treasury must always keep on hand an amount of silver dollars sufficient to back the silver certificates. On the certificate is written the words, "The United States of America will pay to the bearer on demand", and the amount is named. These certificates are not "greenbacks" although they are often called by that name. They are silver certificates.

(7). Now we shall discuss the credit money, United States notes or what is termed "greenbacks". They were first issued at the time of the Civil War to assist the government in financing that great struggle. These notes certify that the United States will pay a certain amount, but they do not name the time as does the silver certificate which says "on demand". Should our country enter into a war and be financially depressed, "greenbacks" would likely lose their value. However, at present they are accepted universally save for payments of tariff duties and payments by the government of interest on the public debt.

(8). Treasury notes of 1890. Here is another form of promissory note of the government issued in 1890 to purchase silver under the Sherman act of that year. Later they were called in and replaced by silver certificates. The million odd that still remain out have not been returned to the Treasury, having been lost or kept as souvenirs. They are no longer a part of what we call our monetary system.

(9). National bank notes. These are promissory notes, secured by government bonds, of our national banks. These banks have to pay these notes upon demand and the government has to pay any national bank note on demand. The smallest denomination of this form of money is the five-dollar bill.

(10). Federal reserve bank notes. The federal reserve bank notes are the promissory notes of the federal reserve banks, secured by government bonds bought from the banks. These notes resemble national bank notes save that they are in ones and twos as well as fives.

(11). Federal reserve notes. These are promissory notes of the United States government, issued by the federal reserve banks and payable in gold upon demand by the United States Treasury or in gold or lawful money by any federal reserve bank. There are twelve federal reserve banks in the United States.

The face value of money and the amount of money of each denomination which is considered legal tender is generally disregarded. Little or no distinction is made between the eleven kinds of money with which we trade with one another. However, as we have stated, there really is a distinct difference in the classes or denominations of our money. And the difference is evident and may be noted by merely examining the coin or note as the case may be.

Bibliography: "Economics for the General Reader" by Clay, "Essentials of Economics" by Fairchild.

COMES CHRISTMAS

J. A. MAXWELL—'28

The sun rises slowly over the frosty hills. It is ushering forth the dawn of Christmas day, the greatest day of the year. Three hundred and sixty five days have passed away since the last Christmas; a very short time to those who have been traveling along the highways of life for many years, but a seeming century to the small boys and girls who have eagerly counted the hours away as the festivity approached. The Christmas spirit is in the heart of everyone from the aged grandmother to the wee daughter who has not as yet been informed as to the reality of "Old Santa." Even the birds take up the celebration with their songs of praise.

Through a window of one of the homes we get a picture of the family on Christmas morning. The large open fire casts a cherry glow on the smiling faces within. The little sister is dressing her new doll with all care and diligence, while her young brother is parading around the room beating his drum with all the fervor of a real drummer-boy. The older brother is seated in the corner fingering his new shotgun. These gifts are worth far more than their intrinsic value. They are gifts **with the giver**. And there, too, is father sitting in his easy rocker, apparently absorbed in his newspaper. Yet there is a smile on his face which tells that he too has the Christmas spirit, and has striven hard to make this the best Christmas yet. Mother has taken her post in the kitchen where she is busied in preparing a luscious Christmas dinner.

Christmas is not limited to one home, one community, or even to one country. It is universal. It is the day when we lay aside all troubles and sorrows and give joy an open road into our hearts.

Editorial

WHILE ROME BURNED!

The last chance on the punch board has often proved to be the winner. The last play in the repertoire has been known to enable the losing team to snatch victory from the very jaws of defeat. The last year in school; the last game of the season and only one minute to play have on some rare occasions brought a crown of victory to an otherwise colorless career on the gridiron. Men who hoped only to die fighting have been known to win their greatest battles.

“Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
“Who works for money coins the very soul.
“Work for the work’s sake, then, and it may be,
“These things shall be added unto thee.”

But this article is not concerned with games of chance; the last game of football has already been played; an opportunity actually to die in mortal combat will hardly be offered, either; but there still remains a battle to be fought—a guerdon to be won. Lest this article degenerate into a rhetorical appeal—to the crux of the matter. The student ought to appreciate the member of the faculty who does not nag at and preach to him day after day. A COLLEGE man does not expect lollypops as an inducement to study if he is failing in his work. Some cadets have already begun to sing their first semester swan song—its volume swelling until it culminates in a thunderous diapason in January. After examinations the key will change, and they will begin their discordant melody in “IF,” to the pathetic words, “It might have been.” And some are going down without a struggle,—without even a feeble gesture. Theirs a melody in “F” and “D” major.

The last inning is almost here. After Christmas; reviews and exams. Between now and then: a short undisturbed period. These days will fly; the last minute of play; the last genuine chance,—and some still atrophy mentally. However, that’s their business. Nero fiddled while Rome burned. That was his!

—J. D. L.

THE CHRISTMAS CHRONICLE

Being in somewhat of a pen-pushing mood, we dropped around to the editor’s room to ask permission to “put out” the Chronicle

for Christmas. To our surprise our request was promptly granted. Then we made haste to find our good friend "Dink" Woodward. In a state of perturbation we told him that we had to have some thirty-two pages of literature by the eighth, which by the way was just one week away. As per usual "Dink" came to our rescue. Then we began camping on the trail of our friends. It might have been just to rid themselves of our persistent "nagging" that they fell in line and began contributing to the Christmas issue of our magazine. At any rate we finally succeeded in making them "come thru."

We decided to embody as our policy in the Christmas Chronicle an air of modern realism, rather than the old spirit of Christmas which we thought was worn too thread bare for this up-to-date age. We condemned the "falling of the fleecy snow," the "tintinnabulation of the Christmas bells" the "Christmas carols, sweet and low," the "feeling of good cheer" and all the rest. Everyone knows and has heard them all, year in and year out. But we decided to cast the old asunder in a search for the new and modern ideas of Christmas.

But alas! when we began pecking out our masterpiece, as we used "both" fingers, all the old customs and traditions came crowding back. As we worked they thronged about us in a congested mass. They became so much in evidence that we began to fear for the safety of our newly adopted policy. Then we held a hasty council of war. But it was too late—they were upon us. We had to give in. The Christmas spirit overcame us.

So here it is gentle reader, the Christmas Chronicle. It is not different from what it has been year in and year out. It contains the old, old story, which, as we again tell, becomes new. And now we realize how foolish we were to try to change that which has gone down in the pages of history as an ever-existing tradition—the spirit of Christmas.

We wish at this time to express our sincere appreciation to you who have assisted us and made possible the Christmas Chronicle. We shall ever feel our indebtedness to you. And to the reader of the Christmas Chronicle, we express a wish that they, as they turn the pages, may feel and enjoy the spirit of Christmas which we have tried to portray in the pages here.

—H. S. G.



Tiger Cheer



CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF A CERTAIN FLAPPER

Occurrence:

She is found anywhere there's something going on, often found in automobiles; seldom found alone; she may be found at home from three A. M. till eleven A. M. She's easily found if you want to take her out to dinner. She may be found on a hosiery advertisement. Once she was found in jail.

Preparation: (Commercial).

You don't have to prepare her—she prepares herself. She's never prepared when you call for her; you have to wait 'bout half an hour. She's always prepared to come back at you with a wise crack if you happen to ask her a sensible question.

Preparation: (Laboratory).

Lipstick, powder, curling tongs, paint, more lipstick, a few clothes (very few), and still more lipstick.

Physical Properties:

Weight natural—105 pounds.

Weight in water—She doesn't go in water.

Weight on dance floor—lighter than air.

Weight on your knees—comparatively light and comfortable for first two hours.

Density—Rather dense most of the time.

Color—Blonde—(And Oh boy, those eyes!)

Melting point—Capable of melting the hardest hearts.

Freezing point—She's never been cold, but she can give some glances which will freeze anybody.

Boiling point—Just make her mad and see for yourself.

Initial temperature—Very high.

Chemical Activity: She reacts readily with moonlight to form love affairs; reacts with music to put you in a trance. She reacts with some boys to make darned fools out of 'em.

Valence—Three drinks before midnight, five afterwards, cigarettes, candy.

Oxidation—She does not burn but she supports combustion.

Combining properties—She combines with a square meal three times a day. (But she doesn't look it.)

Crystalline form—Jus' like sugar itself.

Allotropic form—A rival of Venus.

Commercial Importance: The most important thing in a man's life,
Not so good as a housewife. Very useful as an
ornament for the front seat of a sport's roadster.
Man cannot live without her, but we doubt if one
could live with her.

NOTE—For further information call up the asylum and ask for
the writer.

“How do you know, Johnny, that it was the stork that brought
your little brother instead of an angel?”

“Well, I heard daddy complaining about how big the bill was,
and angels don't have bills.”

CLASS EXCUSED

Said the teacher in some agitation,
“Please illustrate an odd situation.”
Quoth the stude as he rose:
“There's some smut on your nose,
“And it hinders my concatenation.”

Tough Luck

I started to commit suicide the other day. I got a rope to hang
myself, a pound of arsenic to poison myself, a gallon of gasoline to
burn myself to death, a pistol to shoot myself, and I borrowed a
boat to row up the river and drown myself. I rowed up the river in
the boat and tied the rope to an overhanging limb, one end around
my neck. I saturated my clothes with the gas, swallowed the poison,
struck a match to the gas, pointed the pistol at my head, jumped
overboard and pulled the trigger. I missed my head and shot the
rope in two. The boat turned over and spilled me into the water
putting the fire out. I got strangled and spit up the poison. If I
hadn't been a darned good swimmer I believe I would have drowned.

WE THANK YOU

WHY? Because we appreciate your business.

WHEN? Now, because we don't believe in waiting until a man
is dead to show our appreciation.

HOW? By “doing our stuff” on your Christmas work.

LET “CLINT” BE YOUR SANTA CLAUSE

THE TIGER DRY CLEANING PLANT AND SHOE SHOP

Exchanges

THE CAROLINIAN

"One F. B." must surely be of the Dreiser-Hecht school of grim realism. If not, then "Whirligig" entitles him to life membership. The story is unusual, to say the least; it stands erudite in an almost barren field—a crushing innovation in the realms of South Carolina college journalism.

"Whirligig" is such a radical diversion from the conversational that one or two more outbursts of this nature ought to get "One F. B." hailed before a faculty committee and permanently muzzled. Of course there wouldn't be any disgrace in that. Dreiser, Mencken, Sinclair and Hecht have all been silenced at one time or another. Such is the penalty for depicting life as it is.

"Whirligig" runs clever and subtle through seven meaty pages. It does not outrage common sense or psychology, nor does it spatter mud on the white cloak of decency. A theological-minded soul would probably label the story as "vulgar". He would invariably point out that the woman in the case does not turn out to be a lady; that Charlie Fish fails to rise to the height of nobleness and set himself up as an untarnished symbol of justice and manly virtue.

We bemoan the fact that "One F. B." succumbed to the trite and named his villain "Hogan." Since the palmy days of Richardson and DeFoe innumerable "Hogans" have plotted, stabbed and foreclosed mortgages. But a little slip like this can be overlooked in view of the general excellence of the story. We hope that "One F. B." will favor the *Carolinian* with another one of his literary bomb-shells in the near future.

The "Scavenger" has a blighted style. His pen staggers under the burden of an over-stuffed vocabulary. In the first paragraph of "Books and Dreams" we stumble over such exotic baubles as magnum opus, pour rire, a la mode, and modus operandi. As W. S. Gilbert would say:

"His gentle spirit rolls in the melody of souls," which is pretty but I don't know what it means.

Scavenger is no literary Babbett. He knows books, but he would make himself better understood if he would apply the pruning knife to his ostentatious array of French and Latin phrases.

"Corn", by Frank Woodruff, reminds us somewhat of Herbert Asbury's "Bull Horrors". The story is a fantastic mixture of many nightmares. It is morbid and melancholy, and hints rather strongly of Edgar Allan Poe. But the author is unable to perfect a definite atmosphere; he fails to make the reader "feel" the story.

The "Undergraduate Journal" is rubbish. The writer has ability but allows his prejudices to run riot. He uses "hell" and "damn" in profusion; those who disagree with him he consigns to the level of a yellow dog, and he reflects the very soul of an Elmer Gantry.

We have a sneaking idea that the "Undergraduate Journal" is just a clever bit of irony and is not intended to be taken literally at all. Probably just another "bathtub" hoax. Carolina has its Menckens, you know.

THE CRITERION

The November issue of the Criterion, of Columbia College, rises above the average. Especially noteworthy is "Cupid's Error", by Louise McCord. Even though it is the same old story of love and the dreams of youth, the plot varies from the usual and the writer expresses herself clearly and forcefully.

"A Dream that Came True", by Thelma Stroman, occupies the place of honor in The Criterion. We don't see why. As the title indicates, it is a love story of the first order. Prince Charming and Sir Galihad ride sedately through every line of it. The masculine heroes are all "handsome young men"—Veritable personifications of collar advertisements—and the sex appeal is supplied by "beautiful girls". Indeed, one of the young ladies has long hair! Imagine that in this age of new Fords, True Story magazines and Old Gold cigarettes. Other highly descriptive terms used profusely by the author are: beautiful diamond ring, stately palms, majestic chrisanthemums, beautiful mansion, and stately palms.

The dialogue is silly. "I'm Ronald Worth, at your service," quoths the hero. "We're Sidney and Gene Reese needful of your services," replies the heroine. Of course we have to laugh.

"The Beauty of Friendship", by Ruby Arnold, is a hashed-over moralization of a thread-bare subject.

"Here and There in Coastal Carolina," by Helen Hart, and "Romance" by Josephine Inabinet, are good. The latter is especially interesting but shows lack of insight into psychology.

"The Relation of Chemistry to the Enrichment of Life," by Jessie Chisholm, is a well written treatise. It reflects both journalistic

ability and painstaking research. Purely scientific in its nature, the article hastily reviews the material progress of man during the past century.

THE EROTHERSIAN

The Erothesian, of Lander College, could be considerably better. The magazine weeps for lack of adequate material. Evidently the girls at Lander are not interested in journalistic pursuits. We wonder why?

The covers of the November issue embody three short stories, six poems, a book review and a sketch. Of the lot, the book review, by Dorothy Sheridan, is the best. Miss Sheridan is evidently in arrears with her reading. She reviewed Louis Bromfield's "Early Autumn" whereas "A Good Woman" is the latest novel by this author. It was dedicated last July.

"Just a Glimpse", by Sara Hale, is worthy of mention. Miss Hale knows feminine psychology; she knows the thrill of the first dance, and, furthermore, she knows how to tell about it.

THE CONCEPT

When we read "Barks and Bites", by Pauline Lee, we said, "Good"; when we persued through "The End of the World", by Louise Smith, we said, "Better", but hardly had we covered the first paragraph of "Yellow Leaf", by Martha Bragaw, when our literary intuition screamed out "Best!"

"Yellow Leaf" is a masterpiece. It would do credit to any author and any magazine. Miss Bragaw is master of her pen; she knows how to infuse that delicate touch of pathos in her narrative. With a few deft strokes she paints a picture clear and firm. She has genius.

The hero of "Yellow Leaf" is not a gallant young knight, nor is the heroine a comely maiden of many virtues. The girl is old and shriveled; the boy is a worn-out and forgotten son of the soil. They sit in the sun on the poorhouse porch shelling peas—just thinking and shelling peas. Yet out of this humble situation Miss Bragaw weaves a story—a story of the human heart.

"To The End of the Word" is interesting but reflects nothing creative. The first few paragraphs could easily be mistaken for extracts from "Miss Minerva and William Green Hill", while the remainder has the flavor of a Kelland or a Cobb.

“Try Our Soda Fountain”

THE DRUG STORE

“Down the Street”

The Place To Buy

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CLEMSON JEWELRY
WATERMAN'S FOUNTAIN PENS
SHEAFFER'S IDEAL PENS
PARKER DUO-FOLD PENS
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HIGH-GRADE STATIONERY OF ALL KINDS
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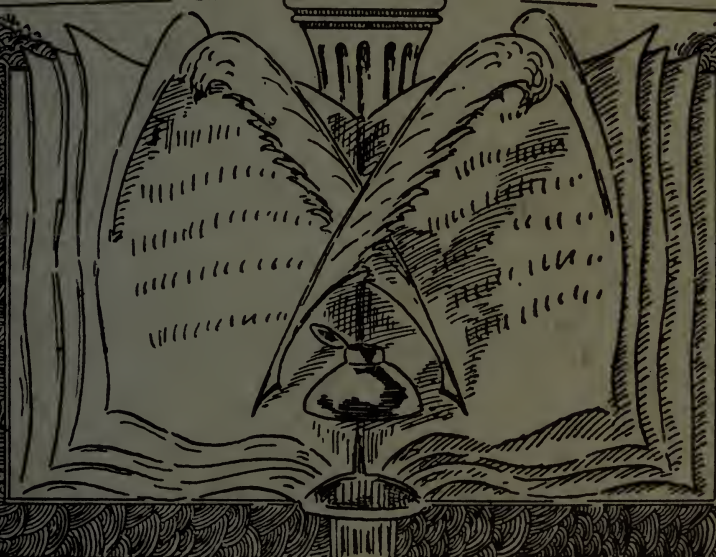
CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE

VOL. 27 [i.e. 32]
1928-1929

Nos. 1 & 2 or 3?

Lacks No. 2 and any after No. 3?

The Chronicle



Vol. XVII, No. 1

September, October, 1928

C L E M S O N

JAMES M.

CAUGHMAN

XXXXX (22)
VOLUME XXVII.
NUMBER 1

SEPTEMBER and OCTOBER
1928



The Chronicle

Edited by M. H. WOODWARD

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TERMS: Issued monthly, with the exception of July, August and September. Twenty-five cents per copy, two dollars per term. Entered at the Clemson College Post-Office as second-class matter.

A PLEASANT NIGHT

Tonight has been a pleasant one,
I've had a gorgeous time.
Just to tell you that I did
I'll quote this little rhyme.

Your music was enchanting;
I love the way you play.
As your fingers touched the keys
My heart you seemed to sway.

The Cakes and candy that you made,
Suggested angel's food
You gave it that artistic touch
That only angels could.

The ride we had in the open air
In the silver colored light,
Brought dreams of love and lovers,
On this wonderful dreamy night.

THE BLUE STREAK

R. E. TORCHIA, '30



ACK Riddle's four hundred and seventy third date with Lois was abruptly interrupted by a breathless messenger boy who bore a yellow slip of paper for him. Jack Riddle, the great Cleveland sleuth, tore open the telegram and read:

"Come at once. The Blue Streak is at it again.
Chief."

He crammed the message roughly into his pocket, kissed his sweetheart goodnight, and hurried to headquarters. The chief was anxiously awaiting his arrival.

"Jack", he said, "The Mercantile Bank has just been cracked for fifty thousand. The night watchman told us who did it just before he died. More work of the Blue Streak Gang. This makes the third robbery and fifth murder for that crowd in less than two months. We have the goods on them now and, get this, I want them here!"

"I'll try it again, Chief", was Jack's answer. "But you know that he's wise to me." Jack left the office striving vainly to light a cigarette with the lighter Lois had given him for Christmas. He would have thrown it away a thousand times were it not for the fact that attached to it was a great deal of sentiment. With an expression of disgust, he stuffed the lighter back into his pocket and applied the reliable match to his cigarette.

A three-weeks stay in the country gave Jack three-fourths of an inch of grizzly beard on his face, and a coating of tan which made him almost olive-drab.

He returned to the city, apparently a full fledged ganster. By using a bit of false influence, Jack managed to get a job as Janitor in Al Roli's barroom. It was indeed hard for him to be away from Lois so long, but she understood his mission.

Early one night, Jack was standing in the hallway which led to the barroom. With a thoughtful smile on his lips, he took the unreliable cigarette lighter from his pocket and fingered it gently, "Say, come here with that thing", called a voice to him. He turned to see a well dressed man who was trying vainly to get a spark out of a similar lighter. Jack vigorously stroked the spur of his own lighter, trying in vain to give the stranger a light. A succession of long bright blue flashes came from the lighter, but never a flame. Again the reliable match was applied.

Jack accepted a cigarette offered by the stranger. "You're in rather undesirable circumstances, aren't you?" the man asked.

"Well, I don't look much like a millionaire", answered Jack.

"Where'd you get the handsome silver lighter?" asked the stranger.

"I lifted it off a gentleman", answered Jack with a wink.

"What would you do for some easy money?" asked the man.

"Anything but commit murder with a toothpick", answered Jack.

The stranger refused to give his name, but bade Jack follow him. Out into the street and into a dark alley, the pair went.

When Jack awoke, he was lying on a bed in a dark room. Where was he? Al Roli's barroom—the stranger—offered a job—the dark alley—a blow on the head. Slowly it all came back to him. He tried to rub the lump on his head but he found that he was bound hand and foot. Jack heard footsteps on the stairs outside the room. He turned over and pretended to be still unconscious. The door opened and the light was switched on. He heard two voices.

"What'll we do with him?" asked one.

"What do we usually do with stool-pigeons?" answered the other.

"But he ain't a regular stool-pigeon."

"No, but he would have been if he had the chance."

"Who brought him in?"

"The boss hired the 'Gentleman' to kidnap him."

"How does he know he's a Dick?"

"Al Roli recognized him and told the boss", came the answer. Jack almost held his breath as he listened. Why didn't they say something about where they were? Who was the boss? What a laugh he would cause if the chief could see him now. The conversation of the newcomers continued.

"Let's wake him up and see what he has to say", suggested one of the men. Jack was immediately awakened. He was unbound and allowed to sit up on the bed and talk with his captors. A tough looking couple they made. Jack couldn't possibly boast of looking any better, however, with that make-up on.

Jack learned from his captors that he was being held prisoner only temporarily. He would probably be shot when the boss returned.

"Who is the boss?" asked Jack.

"Don't worry; you'll see soon enough", they answered. The men soon left the room but failed to tie Jack's hands again. As soon as the door was closed, Jack made a dash for the window. His dash was in vain, however, for he found it securely barred with stout iron bars. He tried the door, but the only result he got was a command, from the outside, to be quiet. The lights were suddenly turned off from the outside.

Jack fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette. He found none. He tried another pocket but found no cigarettes—nothing but his old friend the cigarette lighter, which still had its first time to light. He took it out of his pocket and toyed with it. Each snap it made sent large blue flashes across the room, but never a flame. For fully ten minutes Jack lay on the bed absently flashing his lighter. He was suddenly aroused again and commanded to walk down the stairs into a basement room. He could feel the pressure of an automatic against his back. In the room were several men. The light was half covered with a coat, and the men spoke in low tones. One of the men spoke.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"I do not", Jack admitted.

"I am Henry Fox, commonly known as the Blue Streak", came the answer.

Before he could finish speaking, there was a command from the rear of the room to "stick'em up". The command came suddenly and without warning. Turning their heads in that direction, they found themselves staring into the muzzle of a police machine gun. At the same instant, two other uniformed policemen came in the door with pistols drawn. Jack was so happy he wanted to grab one of the policemen and hug him, but he realized that he would not be recognized in the garb he was wearing. Also, he suddenly realized that if he were caught as a prisoner in the hands of those whom he himself was trying to capture, it would cost him his promotion and probably his job. He must act, and act quickly. He caught the eye of the Blue Streak and gave him a comprehensive wink. The Streak understood and kept his eye on Jack.

When the police wagon drove away, it was minus two of the characters who were in the room. Crouched down under the staircase, were Jack and the Blue Streak. They did not move until sure that they were quite alone. "You sure saved me that time", asserted the Streak, "I didn't know you were on the level, I was fixing to bump you off for a 'Dick'."

"What happened?" asked Jack.

"We were to signal to that boat out yonder to bring in a load of hooch at a certain time. The signal was to keep flashing that light in the room upstairs. Some fool gave the signal at the wrong time and the cops got behind them," confided the Streak. "Where do we go from here?"

"To headquarters," answered Jack as he shoved the muzzle of an automatic under the Streak's nose, and he stroked a cheap cigarette lighter all the way to the station.

THE HOT DOG INSTINCT

You are walking briskly down the quiet street, having deposited your best girl "safely home", your hands thrust to the bottom of your overcoat pockets, your hat turned down in front and your head bowed down in an effort to walk against the cutting wind and keep warm. It seems that the cold has driven everyone in already. The street is deserted. You too realize that it is no place for one to be wandering around with the mercury steadily dropping.

And then some fifty yards ahead of you, you see a light streaked across the cold barren wind-swept sidewalk. One store at least is still open. You draw nearer; yet nearer. And then—a strangely familiar but yet pleasing odor reaches your nostrils. You know instantly; it is Leo's joint.

This realization means but one thing to you now—warmth, hot coffee and hot dogs. Your step quickens. For a single instant you hesitate to look up and down the street, no one in sight, unconsciously you have opened the door and are hurrying to the back of the room to warm at Leo's friendly little old heater.

"Bad outside, cold night," Leo offers as he rises to shake himself from a dozing stupor he has been indulging in.

"Right you are," you return, and then, "Two dogs and cup of coffee."

The Greek goes behind the counter to fill your order. You turn with your back to the stove, standing first on one foot and then on the other as you thaw out your toes. Finally the feeling comes back into your numbed fingers. And then you devote your attention to watching Leo make up your hot dogs.

From beneath a cover he draws a couple of long rolls, "weinnie biscuits." You watch him as he expertly severs the rolls and splits them. Already it seems that you can taste their soft warmth as the fragrance of freshly baked bread is wafted to you. In the knowledge that he keeps fresh rolls you realize that he serves many customers every day. The Greek takes a fork, pushes the lid of the weinnie pot aside, and stabs two weinnies. An admiration for the skill he possesses fills you. You wonder if he ever misses with his fork.

Then Leo calls to you, "Onions?"

"Sure", you reply without hesitating, "all the way". Weinnies are not hot dogs without the onions, you reflect.

Deftly the Greek is working now. First he has dabbed on mustard with a long slender paddle particularly shaped for the job. Now he is applying onions with almost an affectionate touch. You wonder, as

you watch him, if he does not put as much feeling in his work as do the masters in theirs. Surely, you conclude, his touch must be just as artistic with the weinnie paddle as is the artist's with the brush.

Finally from a little pot you have not noticed he is dipping chile. And now with the combined odor of the many ingredients floating temptingly by your nose, you are aware of the fact that you are really hungry.

"Better make it four," you call to Leo.

And finally, when you sit at the counter, your knees digging into the side, you ravenously devour your midnight lunch without a thought for the extra duty you are imposing on your stomach at this late hour.

What? You say you've never experience this? You say you don't even eat hot dogs? Well, here's the reason: you've never tried. Just drop in at Leo's some night.

A hundred thousand Americans can't be wrong.

VICTORY

M. H. W.

Shouts and music fill our ears
From rival crowds we're drowned with cheers.
A game most done.

Deathly silence as the climax nears
Deathly silence—then a burst of cheers!
We've won!

THE IDEAL GIRL

M. H. WOODWARD

Joe Dean was peculiar. He admitted that he was peculiar; everybody said that he was peculiar. That was how he got his reputation. Rich? Yes, he was heir to several millions; he didn't know how many, but the manager of his estate told him that he had plenty. No, he didn't work. It bothered him to work. Was he in love? Yes, he was in love for the first time in his life. After thirty-five years of searching for his ideal girl, he had at last found her.

Joe had a peculiar taste for women; That was the reason he was still a bachelor. It was not until now that he had found the one girl who appealed to him. In his younger days, he had seen women of all types. He had seen Annette Kellerman do her stuff in "A Daughter of The Gods"; he had seen Mary Pickford and Ruth Roland both in person and on the screen. He had seen Paris during the war. He had returned after the war and failed to get the slightest thrill out of Clara Bow or Greta Garbo either. Yes, he was peculiar. He had always boasted that if he once found the right one she would be his for keeps, that if he lost her he would never give another woman a chance. That is just how peculiar he was, and he was just peculiar enough to stick to his word.

He had seen the girl of his dreams for the first time just five minutes ago. For exactly five minutes he had been in love. Her name? Why he hadn't even met her yet, but he was going to meet her right away. They were on the golf links. She was vainly trying to get her ball out of the rough. He purposely drove his ball over right beside her's. They met in the usual way.

Robert H. Jones was her name. Joe didn't know what the "H" was for. Just Bobby Jones was enough for him. Sure enough she was a golfer too. Her slang and rough manner along with her naughtily little "cuss-words" were just the things he admired about her. Yes, he was peculiar.

"Well Bobby Jones", he told her, "I'll be back just as soon as I can go to the club house and change clothes. Wait for me down by that big oak on the drive".

"OK, Buster", she replied, "Shall we take in the high places tonight?" He assured her that they would, and trotted off towards the club house. Already he could hear wedding bells.

There was excitement at the club house. The sheriff and his deputies were searching every nook and corner. They raided the place so often that had ceased to be a novelty; it had become a nuisance. "Looking for booze?" asked Joe.

"No", answered one of the deputies, "There's a crazy woman somewhere around here." Now, this was a good one, Joe thought that they were all crazy—well, all except one.

"What does she look like?" asked Joe.

"Dunno", answered the deputy, "never saw her in my life". Joe laughed again. He wondered why they hadn't locked up all the women in the world (except Bobby) years before.

"This woman", continued the sheriff, "escaped from the bug-house a couple o' days ago and we know she's near here somewhere. She tries to play golf. She thinks she's Bobby Jones. She flirts with guys until they take her out, then she bumps them off and tries to knock golf balls off their noses."

Joe's heart stopped still. Could this girl of his dreams be a maniac and a murderess? She had told him that her name was Bobby Jones. That was possible but it was not probable. She had consented to go out with him. Yes, there was no doubt in Joe's mind. Here was the girl the sheriff was looking for. She was still his dream girl, but he must do his duty because she might be dangerous to other people.

"Come with me", said Joe, "I'll take you to her. She must be captured at once before she hurts herself or someone else."

In less than five minutes, Bobby was being held in the back of Joe's car by two brawny men. She was kicking and screaming protests at being so roughly handled. "I am Bobby Jones", she insisted, "and I demand to be released damned quick. Joe, I'll never speak to you again."

Joe said nothing. He was doing his duty. Straight to the county jail he drove and the fighting, screaming Bobby was locked safely in a padded cell. Joe thoughtfully left her his golf clubs with which to amuse herself. He walked down to a telephone booth and called the state sanitarium. "I have captured the crazy Bobby Jones woman", he informed them. "She is now at the city jail. Come and get her and see that you take the best of care for her."

"The hell you have" answered a rough voice "that nutty dame was captured yesterday and she is still here. Who are you anyway, a false alarm?"

"I guess I am", said Joe as he hung up the receiver.

THREE-FIFTY

H. S. GAULT, 28

Three dollars and fifty cents wasn't much money. Spud had handled some sure enough kale in his time. Course, tho, he didn't have a red now; clean flat. And a 'use to be' didn't help matters a bit now. But there it was, right there on the show case in front of his eyes and obligingly near his hands. And it cost three-fifty; Spud didn't have the jack! No use to think of buying it.

The park was almost deserted when Spud reached his favorite bench. It was getting late, too. Pretty soon he would have the entire place to himself. The sun had already gone down. A trace of a breeze arose to pull gently at the new-born leaves o'er head and to catch in its wake a piece of newspaper someone had thrown down. Spud shivered the least bit. 'Too cold to sleep in the park tonight. Have to go back and stay with that lousy bunch at the mission again. Would it never get warm?

Spud pulled the thing from beneath his coat to examine it. Pretty decent of them to leave it lying on the counter so handy where he could get it. But look here, was it what he wanted? It'd be hell to steal something he didn't even want, wouldn't it? It was all right, tho. Yes, this was all right. Those for five bones hadn't looked much better. Spud was putting it back under his coat now. He'd have to get it wrapped, tho. Couldn't mail it this way. That wouldn't be any trouble tho; find a piece of paper 'most anywhere.

Spud whistled a merry little tune as he wrapped his package in the piece of white paper he had found back of the fountain. It was a pleasure to do this little task. He'd done it every year, too. Yes sir, he hadn't let a year slip by since he left home. He was in the coop this time last year but Smokey Joe had fixed it up for him. This year Smokey was in jail; got him for shop lifting. Stealing! Spud was addressing his package now. He lifted his stub of a pencil. Yes, poor old Smokey had addressed it last year. But they'd caught him, had him in the jug now.

Stealing! Spud looked down at his package wrapped so neatly and already addressed. Ready to mail. Stealing! Why Spud had stolen it. Hadn't hardly realized it. He tried to shake off the hand of his conscience. He laughed. Why this—it wasn't a drop in the bucket. Spud had been in on some big jobs; been in with the gang where some real money was involved. He'd never minded it before. Those had been big jobs all right, but—but they didn't matter. But this, Spud had always had money to buy it until this year. He'd

never stolen it before. Other things were different. They didn't matter, but this—. It was different. Spud must get the money and pay for it.

Get the money, but how? Spud fingered a pair of celluloid dice. He held them up to the light. At first they appeared all right. The light came thru them translucently revealing the crystal-like substance of which they were made. On closer examination, however, it could be perceived that in one of them there was a tiny speck to the right of the center. It looked like a small shot. Spud noted this with some pleasure. Neat work. Maybe he could pick a sucker for the money he needed.

There might be someone down at Nick's place green enough to let him slip in his loaded dice when his turn came. But then, he didn't have a stake to start with. Couldn't gamble without money. Gamble! By hell, that would be as bad as stealing. And for this—to pay for this. Anything else would be different. But this;—Spud had to have three and a half and he had to get it honestly. But how? Work? He wouldn't have time. It had to be mailed tonight.

It was dark now. The air was chilly. Spud arose from his post on the park bench. He was almost desperate. Had to have the money. Couldn't work for it; borrowing it was out of the question for who'd trust Spud anyway. Damn!

Something stirred in the shadow ahead. Spud's hand automatically flew to his breast. The glint of the cold steel of a Colt's Magazine flashed. No, nothing but a dog. Spud must be getting nervous. He looked at the gun gripped in his hand. Then he started to return it to its place inside his shirt. By God! He'd raise money on the gun, put it in hock. It was worth something. Then he hesitated a moment. Soapy Wilson had given him the gat, given it to him on his dying bed. Spud fingered the gun a minute. He'd had it a long time, hate to give it up. But for this—well, he had to have three and a half. It was the only way.

Four dollars wasn't much for so valuable a weapon but Spud had to take what he was offered. Well, anyway it would be enough to pay the three-fifty with enough left over to mail the thing with.

"Yessum, this one marked three and a half", Spud had returned to pay for the thing.

The girl's glance met Spud's steady gaze. Then she looked past him and nodded. A heavy hand fell on Spud's shoulder.

"First time I ever heard of one coming back", the officer winked, "but come along, tho. They saw you when you made off with the other one."

Spud held back as he looked up at the plain clothes man. They'd caught him all right, but he'd put up an argument before he gave in. Anyway maybe they'd let him pay for it and mail it before he went to the coop.

"Aw, wait a minute, officer, I got the money here to pay fer it."

"Oughter had it the first time, buddy. Too late now. What you want it for nohow? You're goin' to jail."

"Havva heart, bo, lemme git de thing an' mail it. Ain't missed a year since I left home." Spud looked wistfully up at the big man.

"Come along, buddy, you—", the officer had seen what it was now that Spud had kept clinging to all the while; "I ah—go on buy it then if it means that much. We'll mail it on the way down to headquarters."

The next morning Spud awoke in his solitary prison cell and looked about him. The first morning rays of the sun made a striped pattern on his bed as it shone thru his wondow. But Spud smiled. He was recalling now the incident of the previous night.

Down in a little town in Minnesota a little old woman, gray and bent with the maturity of years, was opening a package that had arrived that morning. It was a box of Birthday Chocolates. The little old woman gave a little cry of pleasure. Spud had not forgotten.

A small tag on the box bore the trade mark and the price of the candy. It was three-fifty.

SONANT

The shadows of evening fading
Across a crimson sky,
Sometimes, truant waves of sunlight
Passing slowly by.

Glowing with hue, purple, alizarin,
Cerulean blue;
And all the while, with tenderness,
My heart is calling you.

Sometimes, in the twilight gloom,
I start,
When tall trees whisper faintly,
Heart to heart!

From my warm lips the fond
Answers fall,
Thinking I hear your tender call.

SOME FACTS ABOUT CLEMSON'S Y. M. C. A.

MRS. R. N. BRACKETT

Clemson's' Young Men's Christian Association was organized in 1894 by Mr. F. S. Brockman, State Secretary, and Dr. T. P. Harrison, then of Clemson's English Department, and a few of the cadet corps. The membership was small, though some of the most outstanding students were interested.

The meetings were held in the College Chapel on Sunday evenings, attended by a small group of students and some of the faculty.

Those striving to build up a successful Young Men's Christian Association were rather looked down upon by the student body as a whole. Unfortunately no record was found of these early workers in the interest of this important phase of college life. We are unable even to find who were the officers during these first years. They, however, have their reward in the Clemson Young Men's Christian Association of today.

With persistent effort on the part of those interested, the organization grew year by year. Even some small social affairs were held. The first such affair of importance, recalled, was a reception given by the Young Men's Christian Association, with the assistance of a committee of faculty women, to the freshman class, September, 1902, on the lawn in front of the Chapel.

The first mention of the Young Men's Christian Association in one of the college annuals, then known as "The Oconeean" since called "Taps", was in the number of 1904, where the names of the officers for 1903-04 and 1904-05 are recorded.

Just exactly when the Bible Study Classes were first organized cannot be stated. The year 1905-06 stands out as one of definite progress for this organization along a number of lines. A delegation was sent in June, 1905, to a student conference at White Sulphur, near Asheville, N. C. Dr. Weatherford, General Secretary for the South, made his first visit to Clemson during this year. In consequence the enrollment in the student Bible classes was greatly enlarged. Clemson's Board of Trustees indicated their interest in the growing work by setting aside a room in Barracks for the Association's use and gave sufficient funds for its equipment. The most outstanding feature of this year was the employment of Clemsons' first Young Mens' Christian Association General Secretary. Mr. Ray H. Legate was elected to this important office, coming to Clemson from the University of Arkansas. During his term of work the first "Mission Study" classes were held. Mr. Legate served the Young Men's Christian Association, and the community as a whole, most efficiently for three years.

Mr. Legate was followed in this office of General Secretary by Mr. Noel L. Prevost, who resigned at the end of two years of efficient service and work.

Mr. Prevost's successor as General Secretary was Mr. Robert L. Sweeny, generally known as "Bob". Due to Mr. Sweeny's suggestion, the practice of singing a hymn at College Chapel services was begun, and also the custom of saying grace at meals in the Mess Hall. Mr. Sweeny made very definite gains in drawing together the campus people and the men of the Association, he being what is known as a "Good Mixer".

As these years marched by the Association increased in its membership and its usefulness to the student body, and expanded its varied activities. The one great need, that had been felt and discussed from the earliest years, was a home for this work. There seemed nowhere for funds to come from for this greatly needed purpose. In the fall of 1913 Dr. R. N. Brackett, the chairman of Clemson's Young Men's Christian Association Advisory Board, while attending a meeting of the Agricultural Workers Association at Raleigh, N. C., had his attention called to a new Young Men's' Christian Association building at North Carolina A. & M. College, to which Mr. John D. Rockefeller had made a liberal contribution. After a talk along these lines with Dr. W. D. Weatherford, General Secretary of the South, on his next visit to Clemson the Chairman of the Advisory Board arranged a conference with Dr. W. M. Riggs, President of the College, to discuss the possibilities of laying Clemson's great need before Mr. Rockefeller. At this conference Dr. Weatherford offered his services in getting the matter before Mr. Rockefeller. Dr. Weatherford's help was a most important factor in the success of the project. Dr. Riggs obtained the permission of the Board of Trustees to lay the matter before Mr. Rockefeller, and immediately took the necessary steps to this end. After some months of consideration Mr. Rockefeller notified the President that he would contribute \$50,000 for such a building, provided the faculty, students and their friends would either contribute or raise not less than \$25,000 more, the building to be a community center, as well as for the use of the Young Men's Christian Association. This most welcome offer was accepted by the Board of Trustees, with the assured support of the faculty and student body. All details of the contract having been worked out to the satisfaction of Mr. Rockefeller and the Board of Trustees, the building was assured to Clemson. The corner stone was laid at Commencement 1915 and the building opened for use January 1, 1916.

At this time Mr. Roy John was serving as Clemson's General Secretary and we have the first Assistant in Mr. J. R. Lester. This beautiful Young Men's Christian Association building, with its many opportunities for pleasure, for physical improvement, for social life and for spiritual uplift to the people of Clemson College, whether teacher or student whether child or adult has been and will continue to be an untold blessing. Only those attending Clemson before it was built can realize what this Young Men's Christian Association home means in this community.

No history of Clemson's Young Men's Christian Association can be complete without special mention of the General Secretary serving Clemson almost continuously since 1916 the most efficient and much beloved "Holtzy". Mr. P. B. Holtzendorff, Jr., came to Clemson in the fall of 1916 as assistant under Mr. Roy John. On Mr. John's resignation Mr. Holtzendorff succeeded to the position of General Secretary. In 1918 Mr. Holtzendorff enlisted in the United States Aviation Corps for service during the World War. During his absence the work was supervised by Rev. J. M. Stoney, of the local Episcopal Church, Acting General Secretary, with Mr. W. H. Bryant as assistant. Mr. Stoney offering his services as a chaplain in the United States Army, Mr. W. H. Bryant became Acting General Secretary, with Mr. M. P. McLure as assistant. In the fall of 1919 there was great satisfaction expressed over the return to the position of General Secretary of Mr. Holtzendorff. Since that time to this writing he has continued to serve Clemson's Young Men's Christian Association with increased efficiency. Serving under him as Assistant Secretaries have been Mr. D. N. Fields, Mr. J. L. Fox, Mr. Theo Vaughan, Mr. H. E. Robinson, Mr. R. H. Smith. The year 1927 found the work of the Young Men's Christian Association so increased that a second Assistant Secretary was added, making the staff at this writing Mr. P. B. Holtzendorff, Jr., General Secretary, Mr. Theo Vaughan, 1st Assistant Secretary, and Mr. J. R. Cooper, 2nd Assistant Secretary.

Mention cannot be made in this article of all the student officers and committees that have helped to make the "Clemson Y" what it is today. The work they have helped to establish is evident to all who wish to see. May the day come when Mr. Rockefeller or some other one like him will help Clemson to a still larger Young Men's Christian Association home as this need becomes apparent with the growth of the College.

Editorial

THE NEW CHRONICLE

As was announced some time ago, we, the new CHRONICLE staff, have attempted to publish the short short-story number. It is very difficult to get started at the beginning of a new session. Each man seems to wait for someone else to break the ice. At last the ice was broken and we collected enough material to make up this issue. The best definition I have heard for the short short-story came from one of our editors. He describes it as the kind of a story that makes a reader when he gets to the end of it, look on the next page for the rest of it. Short short-stories may or may not be good literature, but we were not the ones who invented them. Since they are growing more popular each day, it is our privilege to try a hand at them. We are expecting all kinds of bombardment from our severe exchange editors. We shall remain friendly, however, even though some may become hostile.

The next issue of this magazine will be the One Act Play number. All ye disciples of Shakespeare come forth in a pen-pushing mood and let's make this number more entertaining. We are open for suggestions for future issues. Any new ideas will be appreciated. Freshmen are especially urged to try their hands at writing for us. Turn your work in to any member of the staff.

MUSICAL FACTS

While we are discussing different things, let us say just a few words about the music situation at Clemson. Wait now, do not get discouraged. This is not an advertisement for the Symphony Orchestra or the "Best Band in the Carolinas"! it is about the music which the dance fans have been contending with for the past few years. Of course we all know good music when we hear it, however, it has been quite a while since we have heard any. Whose fault is it? Surely it isn't the fault of the fans who pay from two and a half to three dollars per dance. It cannot possibly be caused by the scarcity of good orchestras in the South. We know that there are many excellent orchestras running at random all over the country. Not the so-called Victor-Recording Orchestras, most of which are at the back gate of the world of jazz, but real orchestras which we hear spoken of everywhere from day to day.

Why should the Cadets allow such "pick-up" orchestras or "hick bands" play for their dances at war-time prices when there is an orchestra comprised of local talent which is far above the average orchestra, and may be obtained at half the price. This is not advertising the local orchestra. They do not claim to be the best in the South or anything of that sort. But the point we wish to stress is this: If we are to go hundreds of miles to hire music why is it that we get the inferior brand? Why do we get talent that is inferior to the home talent? As a matter of fact, one would find it hard to find musicians superior to those in our own orchestra. It is possible that this famine for good dance music is due to the ignorance of those who hire the music?

One cadet humorously made the remark that he could go up to his room and take a nap between dances, then have plenty of time to drive to Boscobel looking for a shot before the next tune started. Some say that several of the girls were inquiring for electric irons with which to rejuvenate their gowns before the orchestra framed the next number. Some of the music, even went out of date before the dance was over. (Conceding the fact that some of the music was out of date before starting). Of course, those boys who escorted the maidens fair were lucky. But alas! Think of the poor stags, most of who chewed all of their chewing gum and smoked all of their roommate's cigarettes during the first two or three intermissions. Of course, all that is slightly exaggerated, but when such remarks are heard over and over again, it is obvious that there is lack of satisfaction on the part of those who make a dance a success, the stags.

This is not a criticism of the dancing clubs nor of the clubs' officials. It is merely a group of facts gathered here and there and pieced together. The idea is to stimulate interest in the music, and to see if it cannot be improved upon. Why not give the college orchestra a chance? Or, if we must hire outsiders, why not hire the best?

AND ANOTHER THING

Who heard the Clemson and Carolina bands at the game at the State Fair this year? Was there any difference? What was the difference? These questions have undoubtedly been asked and answered dozens of times since the day of the big game. The novelty drilling done by the Carolina band deserves praise. It was beautifully executed. The parades of the college bands between the halves was a great improvement over the straggly parades given by the different student bodies at previous games.

What is the matter with the band at Clemson this year? Here is another question to be discussed. The "matter" is not with the band at all. Fighting under difficulties and struggling for its very existence, the band has held its own at Clemson for a number of years. It has been not merely a band, but a REAL band which plays music that the ordinary band dares not attempt. Well, if the fault is not with the band, just where is it?

Let us look over some neighboring college bands for a moment. Georgia Tech has a band of eighty-five pieces. It is clad in the most elaborate uniforms of gold and white. It has a reputation as the best band in the South. Should that fact stand as stated, or should it be accepted as a challenge to the other college bands in the South?

Besides being well thought of on the campus, the Tech band is supported in other ways. Where the team goes, so goes the band. Take the trip to Chapel Hill for instance. Two special pullman coaches carried them to invade North Carolina. The expenses were paid. The band was not "hired" to play; they were sent to play. They performed a spectacular drill in which they formed the letter "T" while playing their Alma Mater and college songs.

A great many of us saw the U. of Ga. band in Athens last fall. They have a sixty-five piece band, dressed in handsome blue uniforms with flashy garnet capes. They made a beautiful show. They were almost drowned out with cheers as they marched upon the field. It showed great spirit upon the part of the students.

The reason that Clemson has no such organization is because they have been discouraged at every attempt. They have been poorly supported by the students. A bandsman has been a joke among the rest of the corps. He has been classed as the "official college beat-out." Nothing in the way of expenses has ever been suggested by outsiders. Who is to blame? The athletic association has no authority to finance a band. An appropriation has never been mentioned. The cheer leaders once raised thirty dollars to help pay a ninety dollar transportation bill. The rest was paid by the same members of the band who did all they could to help win a victory. The same thing occurs each time the band goes to a game away from home. It has occurred for years.

The general attitude has been: "We can't get along without you. Get there the best way you can." Is the band worth sending with the team? Is the help given by the band worth the price it costs to send them? Could the cheering get along better without the band? Is it called "buying the college spirit" of the band if they are sent on trips? This does not mean that the band is for hire. Its music is not for sale. But even free music will do no good if the band is at one place and the team at another.

EXCHANGES

C. E. RAY, '29

With this first issue of the Chronicle I wish to solicit the cooperation of the Exchange Editors of all college publications in this state and the adjoining states. I shall criticise all magazines sent to me without any partiality or sarcasm, endeavoring to make every remark a censure or an approval.

Criticism is the art of judging and defining the merits of a literary or artistic work. This does not mean that the critic must find fault; he may also praise when it is deserved. Most inexperienced critics are prone to find too much fault with the magazines which they review; in doing this they arouse animosity for themselves in other Exchange Editors. If I should be so thoughtless as to make a cutting or unfair remark, pardon me for it and know that it was intended for the betterment of our college publications. One should remember that no one is perfect and that there is always room for improvement in any line of endeavor.

The immediate purpose of the exchange section of a magazine is to give the faults and merits of other publications. At times the criticism was hot and scathing; at other time they are carelessly written and underdone. They should always be truthful, interesting, and courteous. There can never be any cooperation where there is any malice among the participants.

The Chronicle is by no means perfect, nor is there any magazine of the same nature without fault. By means of the criticisms of others we shall be able to discern these faults and correct them. As I have said, our aim is to elevate our student literary activities to a higher plane than that on which they now stand. Most college publications of today are edited almost wholly by their staffs, which may or may not have literary ability. There are many students who are talented in this line, but who never attempt to exercise their skill. This is the principal cause for the low standard of our college magazines. Every author of a praise-worthy article appreciates the commendation of others. It is an incentive for him to write more and better compositions. By working together we may bring about a vast improvement in our publications.

It shall be the policy of the Chronicle to exchange with every magazine that desires to have the opportunity of criticising it, make a fair criticism in return, and endeavor in every way to improve the works of literary art in our college publications.

THE OLD STORY

J. W. GRAY, '29

A tall, lean, young man, his face frankly revealing anticipation of a delightful event, stepped eagerly along the corridor of the Grand Central Hotel. His handsome aggressive manner marked him as one accustomed to successful and remarkable achievements. He hesitated a moment before a floral counter, carefully selected a bright red rosebud, and enshrouded it in an assortment of dainty white buds.

"For my girl", he confided to the admiring florist. As proud as a school boy with his first football laurels he continued his way through the lobby straight to the desk. "Miss Ruth Wren's number, please", his voice demanded (but his heart cried out for a corner of heaven).

"I assume that you are Mr. Ted Byron, Miss Wren left a letter here for you", the clerks words astounded him.

Queer that she isn't here, thought Byron, then remembering the clerk, "Oh, I beg your pardon, a letter?"

What could this mean, he wondered as he sauntered over to a convenient chair. Ponderously, he broke the seal and became frantically absorbed in the contents of the letter.

An hour passed. A slender figure piteously burdened, a young man dejected and brooding, stumbled across the halls of the Grand Central Hotel out into a cold black night, leaving in his wake a trail of broken and bruised roses.

Monkey Tales

Ossified Oscar rushed home all excited. Bridget, the washer-woman met him at the door.

"Do you know anything concerning my wife's whereabouts?" he asked.

"Sure," said Bridget, "I jes' hung thim out on the line."

Summer Boarder—"Ah, milking the cow?"

Country Girl—"Naw, I'm feeling her pulse."

"Mother, what is that tramp doing with that piece of wrapping paper?"

"Hush, darling, that is a college graduate with his diploma."

City Slicker—"Ja hear the one about the traveling salesman?"

Little Nell—"Hell, yes, I'm the farmer's daughter."

Frosh—"My brother takes up Spanish, French, English, German, and Scotch."

Soph—"Goodness, when does he study?"

Frosh—"Study? He doesn't study, he runs an elevator."

Girtie—"How was the party?"

Sadie—"N. G."

Girtie—"No good?"

Sadie—"No Gin."

Jane—"I don't like that Quarter Back I had a date with last night."

John—"Why?"

Jane—"He wanted to use the huddle system too much."

He—"What is a home without a mother?"

She—"Companionate marriage."

The trouble with most young fellows nowadays is that they haven't enough of what they take from cats to make fiddle strings with.

"What's a hobo?"

"It's a garden tool, but don't call me Bo."

Being shot at sunrise is a great thing if you can afford it.

He—"I'm going to kiss you every time a star falls."

She (ten minutes later)—"You must be counting lightning bugs."

SHORT STORY

Oh, my dear! please don't touch me.

Oh, " " " " "

Oh, " " " "

Oh, " " "

Oh, " "

Oh, "

Oh,

First cat—"He cleaned up a big fortune in crooked dough."

Second cat—"He was a counterfeiter?"

First cat—"No, a pretzel manufacturer."

Freshman—"I don't konw."

Sophomore—"I am not prepared."

Junior—"I do not remember."

Senior—"I don't believe I can add anything to what has been said."

"Going to the dance?"

"I can't. I have a case of bronchitis."

"Bring it along. We'll drink anything."

Rastus (coming home noisily)—"De Old Gray Mare Ain't What She Uster Be"

Mandy (coldly)—"But de White Mule still am."

Grandmother—"Johnny, I wouldn't slide down those stairs."

Little Johnny—"Wouldn't? Hell, you couldn't"

English Prof—"Your theme should be written so that the simplest can understand it."

Freshman—"Yes, sir. What part don't you understand?"

"I see you have a new roommate."

"No, I bought this tie myself."

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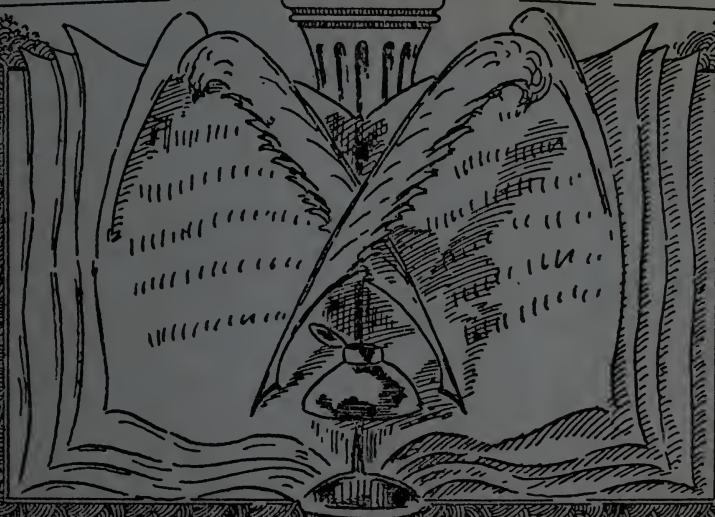
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The Chronicle



Vol. XVII No. 3

January-February, 1929

C L E M S O N

XXXII
VOLUME XVII.
NUMBER 1[2?]

JANUARY and FEBRUARY
1929



Edited by M. H. WOODWARD

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TERMS: Issued monthly, with the exception of July, August and September. Twenty-five cents per copy, two dollars per term. Entered at the Clemson College Post-Office as second-class matter.

COTTON PICKING

In days and years that are ahead
One scene won't be forgotten:
The negroes toiling for their bread
Out in the fields of cotton.

And as they pick they also sing
Their folk songs, sad and bright
You hear their plaintive voices ring
For rest that comes with night.

They bring their pickings to the scales
And drop their heavy loads;
They gather round and tell weird tales
Of "hants" beside the roads.

Then turning weary steps away
They seek their sev'ral homes,
And sleep and dream till break of day;
With its new burdens come.

THE MUSICIAN ASTRAY

ANON



T was hot and dusty. A noisy crowd stood impatiently around an ancient but recently whitewashed band-stand. The grand climax of the annual Harveston picnic was the concert given by the local band, a noble B-flat organization of fourteen pieces. It was true that there was hardly a man, woman, or child who could not whistle every tune the band had in stock; they had heard them on every occasion since the band came into existence, but they loved them just the same. A rollicking hornpipe, dreamy waltzes (slightly out of tune, and loaded with discords, but dreamy just the same), lively six-eight marches, alternating with cheers and bursts of applause, were followed by a ten-minute intermission. The old conductor pushed his 'specs' back upon his forehead and gave a signal to the solo cornet player. The tall dark youth took his instrument, left the stand, and made his way through the crowd into the surrounding woods. Smiles of satisfaction spread across the faces of the audience. Each one knew exactly what was coming next.

In this particular number, which is called "The Musician Astray In The Forest", the solo cornetist leaves the band, conceals himself in the woods and plays alternately with the band thus giving an echo effect. This number always proved to be the hit of the program.

Now, the solo cornet player at this time happened to be Judson Hoffman, known as pust plain Judd. It was Judd's first attempt at solo cornet; however, he found it unusually easy in comparison with the third or fourth part he was accustomed to. As he hurried through the thick growth of trees, his heart grew light. He now had the longed for opportunity to play the cadenza as it had never been played before.

The music started with the same charm which it had carried for years before. The introduction, the Andante strain, the clarinet cadenza, and the piccolo solo, passed quickly by as the climax neared. With a gesture which was intended for Napoleon, the aged conductor cut the band off and held his baton poised for the "Musician Astray". With an expectant expression on his face, he turned towards the woods listening attentively for the faint notes from Judd's cornet. A half minute passed, but not a sound was heard. A minute passed, and the conductor, with agrunt of disgust, had the baritone play the solo.

Judd awoke later that afternoon in entirely strange surroundings; a huge bedroom luxuriously furnished, tall windows, a negro nurse moving back and forth across the room and—but he could observe no more. His eyes met the hazel eyes of the lovely young girl who was

"Where am I? What has happened?" were his bewildered questions, and, "Let me go—the solo—I must play it".

"You won't play any solos today", was her answer.

"Nor for a few weeks", remarked the doctor whom Judd hadn't noticed before.

"Now, tell us what you were doing out in the country all alone with a musical instrument. I didn't expect anyone else to be in those woods or I would have ridden more carefully", explained the girl.

Judd related his story and demanded to know what else had happened.

"First," said the girl, "I will tell you who I am. My name is Joan Etheridge; father is at the head of the Etheridge Mills. I was riding after a rabbit through the woods", she continued, "and just as I hurdled a small thicket I saw you, but it was too late to stop. My horse and I fell right on top of you. I was afraid you were dead at first. The stable boy helped me to get you here. I had no idea that anyone else was in miles of there. The doctor says that your leg is broken. Oh, I'm so sorry. What can I do?" she wept.

In two months' time, Judd's leg had healed, but his heart had not. As the day drew nearer and nearer for his departure, he came to realize more and more that he was deeply in love with Joan. He proposed, but was rejected. She loved him, she declared, but she was already engaged, and her wedding date had been set for the following June. So Judd, lovesick and discouraged, refused the position offered him by Mr. Etheridge, bid Joan good-bye, and went back to Harvestown.

Spring rolled around again. Once more the Harvestown picnic grounds were crowded. Judd was holding down his old place as solo cornet of the B-flat band. "The Musician Astray", was announced and the crowd applauded wildly.

Judd took up his battered cornet and stole off into the woods. As he strolled towards the spot where his accident had occurred the year before, fond memories filled his mind.

The concert—the accident—his two months of paradise—Joan—. Would he never get her out of his mind? She was probably being married this very week. Yes, he still loved her. There was no use in denying it, but it was almost time to play his solo. The band had already started. Joan again crept into his mind. He would play this time as if he were playing to her. His feelings would fill the air in the form of music. The bands' music formed into a beautiful chord and swelled to a grand Fortissimo—suddenly it stopped. Judd lifted his cornet to his lips, took a deep breath, limbered up the

valves and started to send his soul to the skies. He heard a step—a twig snapped behind him—he turned and—

“Joan!”

She rushed into his arms. “I knew I’d find you here,” she sobbed. “I couldn’t marry any one else as long as I love you.”

Once more the old conductor waited for Judd’s solo. Once more his ears failed to catch a sound. Once more the baritone played a solo which was written for the cornet, for this time the musician had really gone astray.



LOST ARTS

Why is man so foolish? We hear the Bible story of the boy who hid his talent of gold in the earth; yet we take no lesson from it. Each of us has a talent, more precious than gold, but few use it, following in the path of the slothful servant. It is our birthright to be an artist at something; it is the inherent gift of our Supreme Maker.

Today, millions of dollars are being spent to prevent the loss or waste caused by rust and decay; Paints and preservatives are being used by the barrel. Yet nothing is being done to check the loss of talent, where rust and decay are working on minds instead of materials. To be sure, there are countless schools and colleges, but they are only an aid to those who have found their art and are striving to improve it; they have no bearing on the student's choice of a calling. How many times have you heard such expressions as: "I can play the piano a little", "I used to paint", or "I had a knack for building things when I was a kid"? Who knows but that these people would have been eminent pianists, painters, or inventors if they only had had the initiative to unfold these gifts. As it is, they are lost, irrevocably lost to the world.

You have heard the expression "He is a gifted person." Did you stop to think what it meant? Edison was only an ordinary man; now he is famous and people call him "gifted", because he is an inventive genius. He was no more gifted than each of us, who may have latent within us the same qualities; he has only found his art and trained himself to best use it. Each of us may be an Edison, a Beethoven, or a Whistler, but who will even know it if we allow ourselves to let the opportunity of proving it slip by. These artists of obscure ability give very, very poor excuses for their neglect, such as: "It was too bothersome and took too much of my time". The story is told of a gentleman meeting a distinguished violinist, a young lady. She presented her hand in a friendly manner, and in clasping it the man noticed great, horny callous spots on her finger tips. A look of wonder crept over his face. The artist was quick on perception and answered his questioning glance at once by saying simply, "Those are from practising". She had found her art and had spent many hours of diligent work, striving for success in it, but they were well expended, as shown by her accomplishments.

Have you ever seen a piece of welded brass? No, because the art of welding brass was lost with the fall of Egypt's ancient dominance. With all the new inventions, the great variety of material, the panoply of science over industry today, the secret of this art remains lost, buried along with the prestige of that civilization. We read of many

scientists who search for a method of making gold from baser materials, a veritable search for the transmutation stone, the finding of which would do no good, but much harm. Why do they not turn their attention to a worthy cause, to that of ferreting out the lost art of welding brass, which would be a great benefit to the world. Why does someone who has a mechanical and inventive knack not search out this important secret?

The most omnius word in man's speech is FAILURE. The greatest dread of mankind is to be branded a failure. Why? Because it signifies one who has fallen short. Note Webster's definition of the word: "The act of falling short, wasting away, or turning out badly; omission; neglect or nonperformance; want of success; the act of becoming bankrupt". Each of these terms signifies disgrace. Life would not be worth living if that be our end. Neglect and lose our natural arts; then that shall be our fate.



SPRING

JOHN C. GALLOWAY

Bring back the spirit of spring,
The swallow from her wintry home,
The singing of the birds we love
To the tune of evening's breeze.

Bring back the friendships of the young,
The tender love which was our fate,
When happy children slowly run,
And stars above bid lovers wait.

Bring back the hush of the evening tide,
The scent of roses from the dells,
Oh, bring again the spirit of spring,
With it the hopes of youth will dwell.

THAT FATAL NAIL



ETTY was angry. The more she thought, the faster she worked, and the more angry she became. For ten long years she had picked up Harold's clothes, books, and papers. Now she was extremely tired of it. One glance at the room was sufficient proof that he was getting more careless than ever before. There lay his clothes scattered over the room like leaves from a windstorm. As Betty observed it all her eyes were flashing with rage. There was his coat crumpled in the corner, his collar and tie draped disgracefully over her new boudoir lamp, his shoes and socks flung carelessly under the table, his hat hanging upon the telephone transmitter. It was all too disgusting. How could she stand it any longer? Snatching up a broom with an angry flourish, Betty with experienced hands went to work. She made the dust fly from every corner of the room. Hesitating for a moment, she stared at her reflection in the mirror in a thoughtful study. "Betty Carroll, you've cashed after that man's clothes and papers long enough. It's high time for you to stop all this unnecessary work for someone who does not appreciate it.

As she glanced over her mail the next morning, she found in the Question Box section of a popular magazine, these words: "Husbands quickly and easily cured of bad habits". Upon further examination, she found that an effective method of curing husbands who were careless about their clothes, was to nail the clothes to the floor, or wherever they were thrown. Betty's hopes rose to the sky. Her problem was solved. As she went in search of a hammer and a nail, her thoughts turned to Harold. She had a feeling for him which was mixed with anger and sympathy. She wanted to teach him a lesson for his own good but on the other hand she doubted if she were justified in punishing him thus. For a time she hesitated in an unsettled state of mind. She debated the "pro's" and the "con's" in her mind until the "pro's" won.

Betty set out with a hammer and nail to seek revenge upon Harold. As she walked into the living room her heart sank; not a piece of clothing was in sight. She searched more closely, hoping that Harold had turned over a new leaf. At last she discovered a pair of gloves lying on a mahogany table. She simply couldn't afford to make holes in this new expensive table, so she wandered further through the house. In the next room, she had better luck. In the corner lay Harold's vest. She rushed over to drive her nail into it, but she made another discovery. The hook on the wall had pulled out, which accounted for the vest's being there. It was not

Harold's fault at all. She was about to give up the search when she almost fell over an overcoat which lay on the floor. Without hesitating a moment she drove the nail through the coat into the floor.

All of a sudden Betty had a feeling that she had done the wrong thing. It was true that Harold had never bought the pretty rhinestone studded comb which he had promised her for years. He was faithful about chopping wood and building fires in the morning, however. He was affectionate, but he had never shown appreciation of all the unnecessary work which she had done for him. Would this make Harold cease to love her? Why had she ever read that magazine anyway. She had done something now which was sure to cause trouble. She was at the point of crying when she looked up and beheld Harold standing in the doorway.

"Why, hello, Betty," he shouted joyously. "What's the matter? Why, you look all hot and bothered. Come and tell the old man what's the matter." As she glanced into her husband's friendly affectionate face Betty could stand it no longer. She stepped to his side, placed a trembling hand to his shoulder and sobbed the whole story into his ear.

Curiously, Harold stooped to pick up the coat, then saw the nail. He showed no surprise. He ran his hand into the pocket and looked sadly up at Betty. "Why, Betty, you have ruined it all," he laughed. "I had bought it for your birthday," he continued, "but you have broken it."

Withdrawing his hand from the coat pocket, he brought forth a handful of what had once been a beautiful rhinestone comb. Betty's nail had shattered it into a hundred pieces. As they stood there silently facing each other, they both understood. A smile stole simultaneously upon their lips. Placing her head closely against her husband's shoulder, Betty spoke softly into his ear. "Hal," she cried, "it's all my fault. I read it in a silly old magazine. You're still my sweetheart. I'll always love you even if you do undress in the parlor or hang your hat on the perculator. You'll always be the same to me." Harold was about to kiss her and he would have done it, but right here the story ended.

MOONBEAM'S WORK

J. BRYAN, '30

Here I lie alone tonight,
Watching moonbeams as they play
With shadows against my wall so white,
From dark until the light of day.

A message on a silver tray,
They hand me o'er my window sill;
A message bright which seems to say
That maybe someone loves me still.

Here and there the moonbeams dart,
And long before they fade away,
They satisfy an aching heart;
Then flee before the break of day.

RECREATION

M. H. W.



IT IS in the middle of August. The sweltering heat makes the perspiration drip from my forehead. My shirt sticks to my back. I almost stick to my chair as I start to get up for a cold drink. Oh, for just one cool spot. This work! Hang it all! Men are not supposed to have to work on days like this. My eye finds a calendar on the wall—a picture of a mountain stream, a little waterfall with white spray coming from it, an angler up to his waist in the cool water. Before I know it I have closed the office, and I'm driving a sputtering little Ford roadster down the road.

Gee, I feel lots better now. I'd try to yodel if I were not so busy whistling. Wonder who'll win today, the Cards or the Yanks? Oh, but that doesn't matter anyhow. Its too hot to sit through a baseball game. Furthermore they play in New York and I'm in South Carolina. Hmm! those hunesuckle blossoms smell sweet. Darn! there goes number three missing again; I'll have to take time to clean that spark plug before I start back.

Well, here I am. The old creek looks about the same as it did the last time I saw it except that it's possibly a few inches lower. It's lots cooler here than it was back in the office. Well, the mosquitoes have discovered me. Darn, that was a big one. He reminds me of a story, but I don't want to think of stories now. Where did I put those fish hooks? Ah, here they are in the bait can. Here's where I'll settle down. A nice cool spot beneath the old willow tree, right up close to the stream. That's a fine-looking hole, too. The water must be at least seven feet deep, and not moving at all except for a small eddy. That's a pretty-looking hole to catch a string of perch out of. I guess I'll get started.

I ought to finish this book this afternoon and have some fun besides. Oh boy, listen to those crickets singing. I don't know of any place in the world I'd rather be right now. What was that, a partridge? Well, old fellow, if I only had my gun I'd fix you. Oh well, I'll see you about Thanksgiving Day if I don't go to Greenville to the Football game.

Lets see, where did I leave off? Here it is on page two hundred and three. I wonder how this darned thing is coming out anyway? "It's not at all like you to do this, John", said the girl. "Why, what's the matter?" replied——" Gosh that was some bite I had then. I thought he would jerk me into the creek. He took my bait too, the dirty scamp. I'll just put this book away and do a little fishing.

There now, old fellow, get a taste of that bait. How do you like these Wigglers? There now! Just as I expected. Well, come on out, you little rascal. I wonder if your grand-dad is back up under that lily pad. Now you stay right there in that nice basket and I'll see if I can't get some company for you. I believe they are really going to bite today. Hot dog! There's another one! He's got it! Oh boy! watch him cut up. He must weigh a ton. He's just shaking me all over. I'll——. What's the matter? Where am I? I must be dreaming. Why, I'm still in the office and its only two-thirty. What's that, boss? You say I was snoring so loud you couldn't sleep. I'm awfully sorry I fell asleep on the job. I've never done it before. I guess it was just so hot and all. I'll try never to do it any more—— What? You say you just wanted to know if I wanted to take the afternoon off and go fishing with you? Why, I've just been, but I'll gladly go again. I've a hunch that I know the very place to go.



THE SEA

M. R. DANIEL, '29

The sea, the sea,
The deep blue sea,
Oh! many the thoughts it brings to me
Of sailors brave and pirates bold
And many a mariner's' tale untold—
The lusty sea.

The sea, the sea
The boundless sea,
Forever calling you and me,
Telling a tale that is never old,
Telling of life of love and gold—
The siren sea.

The sea, the sea,
The merry sea,
Singing a song to you and me
Of southern seas and coral isle,
Of a dusky maiden's flashing smile—
The romantic sea.

SUNSHINE

H. A. SMITH

Wherever you are, be happy,
 Whatever the weather, be gay;
Then the clouds will fly,
And you'll see the blue sky—
 There'll be sunshine along the way.

In every course and walk of life,
 There are doubts and sorrows to
 meet;
But always wear a smile;
It's always worth your while;
 It'll help you these others to greet.

CAROL

C. E. RAY. '29

A little Child from Heaven came,
Bringing peace in Jesus' name;
From God's own side, in Heaven above,
He brought us faith, and joy, and love.

At Christmas Tide he came down here
And 'gan at once His cross to bear;
A score and fourteen years he gave
Of Heaven's bliss, lost men to save.

And now that Christmas time is here,
To him we each our gifts should bear,
With those in need we ought to share,
And banish grief with Christmas cheer.

THE OBJECT OF COLLEGE

Is the life for a man at college today
The thing it should be in every way?
Are you the man who knows and will say
"I'll tell you the object of college today:

"The object of college is many times one,
To work for a goal, to play in the sun,
To carry in your pocket the keys of the world
In the pathway of progress your banner unfurled.

"To be at home in all lands and ages,
To read men's faces as so many pages,
To obtain a standard for another man's art.
To uphold in a crisis a real man's part.

"To lose one's self in excitement of play,
But to keep one's head and so win the day,
To make friends of men in all walks of life.
To uphold one's own in struggle and strife.

"This is its offer—to you it is made,
At your life's threshold is where it is laid;
You can take it or leave it, no one may care,
It is you who will need it, no one may share."

A SENIOR'S THOUGHTS IN MAY

Wm. P. WEST, '29

I cannot think—when June has come
And claims me—that i shall forget
All that college has been to me,
My toils, my loves, and pains—and yet—
How shall I know what things await me
Out yon' in life's great sea.

Shall I remember faces—dear
And radiant with life—in June?
Shall old thots go on with me,
And shall I hear the games and tunes
Of those dear days passed forever,
Above the tumult of life?

Will I forget the thrill of games,
Of smashing victories and great defeats,
Silent hours and grueling nights,
The joys and sorrows of daily deeds?
Will I forget my Alma Mater
When I get our of there?

I wonder what lies beyond,
In that veil before me—in JUNE

Editorial

SUCCESS

R. C. ALEXANDER



OW the very word thrills! How eagerly it is anticipated. How confidently youth expects it! Yet how little it considers and elevates the attaining elements.

Each student dreams of the future success of his every effort. Only a few consider the cost of that success or make the endeavor to pay it. The majority of the aspiring young students see their air castles fade before they have given them any serious thought. Many a college graduate dreams of the day when he will rule in financial affairs and yet few have realized that to gain such a position requires self-denial, work and economy at many a turn in the road. As a result success comes to the few who consequently rule the many. Why? Not because they have dreamed only, but because they also have worked.

The road to success is not an easy one. Along its way will be found many a rough and rocky stretch. Genius is nine-tents perspiration. After all if one would enjoy the thrills of success, if one would be a genius of accomplishments and worldly service, one must seize the opportunities that lead to that goal.

Clemson College can play an important role in equipping one for success. If one enters into the college activities whole-heartdly, he will see on his graduation day that its rules, burdens, hardships, entertainments, and associations were intended for the attainment of success.

Among his pleasant dreams the student should let serious thought and energetic work have a place all their own. Then when the day comes when he deserves success, it will come like a leaf floating down a quiet slow moving stream.

AND WHY NOT

There's no plausible reason in the world for most, if not all, the students at Clemson not writing an article, editorial, poem or story for the Chronicle or the Tiger.

There are many men at Clemson who are capable of writing some very interesting articles if they were only willing to do so. At Clemson, as well as most other colleges, the staff and one or two regular contributors are the only ones who ever get the real benefits from the school publications. There is much more to be gained in

writing for one of the papers than from merely reading that which others have written, then there are others at Clemson who would be glad to write if they would give it just one thought. The college magazine and paper are representative (supposedly) of the entire student body while actually they are representative of a very small minority.

The Tiger and the Chronicle need help of some of the students very badly, in fact it is absolutely necessary for more of the students to take interest in these in order to keep them up to the standard. To get the full benefits out of these the students will have to make a vast change in their present attitude. It is for the upbuilding of both the students and the papers that students are urged to give it at least one try.

—T. S. M.

AN ALIBI

It is very bad to announce something then fail to do it, but this time we have an alibi—thanks to the "Flu". It had been our intention to publish a One Act Play number of the Chronicle. We had planned to take all the short stories which were handed in, turn them back over to the contributors, and help them convert them into plays. This plan was in progress when school was suddenly dismissed on account of the "Flu" epidemic. Since examination week was so near at hand when we came back, we decided to postpone this number until a later date.

After all there's nothing like a good alibi. Your dear editor can use the "Flu" for an alibi for the late appearance of this number, his exams for the shortcomings of the number, and he may also use the publication for an alibi if he flunks his exams. Now is that luck, or tough luck? You may call this the Alibi Number of the Chronicle if you wish. At any rate we hope that you like our alibi.

THE COLLEGE PRESS ASSOCIATION

We make our best bow to Columbia College, Chicora College, and Carolina. They are excellent hosts, well educated in the art of entertaining. The annual meeting of the College Press Association could not have been a bigger success. The success was due chiefly to the entertainment and program arranged by these three colleges. It would suit our delegates to go to a meeting of the association once a week if it were possible. Possibly some of the male delegates would have been better satisfied to "bunk" at Columbia or Chicora, but would the girls have been better satisfied to stay at Carolina? Well, as I said before, things could NOT have been arranged better.

Our hats are off to the CONCEPT. They deserve the place which they own. We all know good magazines when we see them and we have all seen this one. So, here's to you, Converse, but we can't say we wish you the same luck next year.

There has been a very noticeable improvement in the magazines we have received since the big meeting. Perhaps the association helps the individual publications more than we had imagined. The EROTHESIAN has improved one hundred percent. The staff really deserves praise for their last number.



Exchanges

It has been said, and we must admit, truthfully, that an Exchange Editor's criticism of a publication does not give it the credit it is due. The explanation is that he reads in a pessimistic mood, hoping that he may find various and sundry faults. Does not a man, when he is looking for trouble, usually find it? All ye editors who find yourselves the victims of some despoiling criticiser do not consider your publication a complete failure, for it is not half so bad as he makes it. Sometimes he may read something that suits his particular fancy and for which he cannot find words suitable for its praise. Again don't ye become too flattered, for one man's taste is not always everybody's taste.

The Winthrop Journal

The December issue of the "Winthrop Journal" is as usual rather interesting. That was a very good start towards a favorable criticism, you'll admit. However, it is so much easier to find fault, and this sluggard can't resist the temptation to follow the easy route. First, the Journal does not seem to impart that customary Christmas spirit that is common among most December issues of College publications. We will admit that it contains several sketches about Christmas. But we believe that a story or at least a poem containing some holiday spirit would not be out of place. This humble person does not like to criticize some one whose identity he does not know. But he finds it his duty to say something about numbers 904 and 905. We think that 940 wins the proverbial cake with her story "Stuart's Men Folks". As a whole the tale is very well written and contains an interesting plot. Except for the fact that we found ourselves rereading in several places, we would pronounce 904 a very good short-story writer. 905, in her story "Through the Darkness", portrays a feminine delicacy that is unmistakably like the style of 904. If 904 and 905 are not identical, this lowly person ventures to say that they have very nearly the same conception of love and love affairs. If 905 has personified herself in her story, she would take delight in being wrapped in the strong embrace of some handsome hero who would plant passionate kisses upon her brow. Miss Witherspoon's "Moon Magic" is well above the average.

The Erothesian

Another magazine that is to become the victim of a villanous criticizer. However, the villain becomes chicken-hearted as he looks through the well-balanced contents of the Christmas issue of the

"Erothesian". It is interesting to note how the Christmas spirit is portrayed in each article, and without the trite and over-used expressions, as "young voices were heard singing beautiful Christmas carols", or "St. Nicholas sped swiftly and silently across the snow". "Jerry" is something unusual in the way of short-stories. However, we must admit that at places it sounds rather childish. "The Black Minute" is based on a plot which could not be called complicated by the most experienced reader. Miss Henry's "Christian Education for the Needs of life" is very educational and inspirational. Miss Webb paints a very good picture of the home-coming of a college boy and girl.

FEBRUARY SALE OF FLORSHEIM SHOES \$8.85

Special prices on all shoes during this month.

Best Army Shoe made \$5.00
Black Shoes and Oxfords
\$5.00

General line of good merchandise at money-saving prices.

Come down and save the difference.

"JUDGE" I. L. KELLER
THE BOYS' FRIEND

TIGER PRESSING CLUB AND SHOE SHOP

CLINT TAYLOR, Proprietor

We take pleasure in thanking the Corps for the patronage accorded us, and hope to continue serving you.

Monkey Tales

"COLLEGIATE"

Two dazzling eyes
 With a baby stare;
Two ruby lips,
 And shingled hair;
Two dancing feet,
 A soldier sway;
A rippling laugh,
 A vamping way;
A crowd of men,
 A social whirl;
And there you have
 The college girl.

A JUNIOR'S HINT TO THE NEWISH

Fall from the housetop,
 Fall from the sky,
But don't fall in love
 With the boys passing by.
 —The Acorn

Doctor—Make a sentence using the word
 fiddle.

Mr. Fool—I will, fiddle do you any good.

Prof—Give me a sentence using the words
 detail, deduct, defeat and defense.

Dumb One—Defeat of deduct went over
 defense ahead of detail.

 —The Concept

You wouldn't knock
 The jokes we use
Could you but see
 Those we refuse.
 —The Acorn

The wisest crack of all is to keep the one
 in your face closed—The Log.

Is that a diamond?
Sure, it's a dime'un.

—The Acorn

She laughed when I sat down at the piano.
Some fool had removed the stool.

—College Humor

Parrott Byrd—Have you ever heard of
the Scotchman who boarded the 'Pay-
as-you-leave' bus?

Bo Peep—No.

Parrott—He's still riding.

SCOTCH JOKE NO. 475698

No matter where you live in Scotland
you have a close neighbor.

—The Acorn

Fly—What's your favorite sport, Mrs.
Flea?

Flea—Oh, I guess my favorite sport is
following the hounds.

A kiss—a sigh—a sad goodbye!
A glance—a curl—another girl.
So life goes on.

—The Acorn

TRUE, BROTHER, TRUE

The college is a great invention;
The school gets all the fame,
The paper man gets all the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.

—The Acorn

Lucy—A street car can do one thing a
man can't.

Mary—What's that?

Lucy—The street car can go straight, no
matter how full it is.

—The Concept

THE THING THAT COUNTS

W. B. CRAVEN

It's not what you did or've done,
Nor merely what you've won;
It's not what you think or've thought,
Nor once what you once have wrought;
It's what you do.

It's not what you can or could,
Nor merely what you would;
It's not what you have or had,
Nor what you might, my lad;
It's what you do.

SCHEDULE OF PICTURES AT CLEMSON

HOURS—Monday, Tuesday and Thursday—4:10, 6:40 and 8:00.

Wednesday—1:50 and 4:10 only. Friday—4:10, 6:40 and 8:30.

Saturday—3:00, 6:40 and 8:30

FEBRUARY

Feb. 1—"Prep and Pep" starring David Rollins and Nancy Drexel.

Feb. 2—"Heart Trouble" Perhaps "The Golden Clown"

Feb. 3—Rev. S. J. L. Crouch will speak at Vesper service

Feb. 4—"Single Man"

Feb. 6—"The Gay Retreat" starring Sammy Cohen and Ted McNamara

Feb. 7—"His Private Life" starring Adolph Menjou

Feb. 8—"Laugh Clown, Laugh", Lon Chaney

Feb. 9—Jacqueling Logan in "Midnight Madness"

Feb. 10—Mr. T. B. Lanham, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. will speak
at the Vesper Service.

Feb. 11—Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers in "Someone to Love"

Feb. 13—"The Thief in the Dark" with Doris Hill and George Meeker

Feb. 14—"The Baby Cyclone" starring Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle.

Feb. 15—"The Red Dance" starring Dolores Del Rio and Charles Farrell.

Feb. 16—"On to Reno", Marie Prevost.

Feb. 17 to Feb. 20th—"No Other Woman" Dolores Del Rio.

Feb. 21—Clara Bow in "THREE WEEK ENDS".

Feb. 22—Norma Shearer in "A Lady of Chance"

Feb. 23—"Romance of the Underworld"

Feb. 24, 25, 26—"Number Please.

Feb. 27—"Wreck of the Hesperus"

Feb. 28—Karl Dano and George Arthur in "Brotherly Love"

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SHOE REPAIRING

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The Best Portable Made

Ask for a demonstration. Sold on easy terms. \$10 down,
and \$5 a month for eleven months, giving you a year to pay for
the machine. Use it while paying for it.

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THE DRUG STORE

“Down the Street”

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CLEMSON JEWELRY
WATERMAN'S FOUNTAIN PENS
SHEAFFER'S IDEAL PENS
PARKER DUO-FOLD PENS
EVERSHARP PENCILS
HIGH-GRADE STATIONERY OF ALL KINDS
NOTE-BOOKS OF ALL KINDS
INCLUDING LEFAX
WATERMAN'S IDEAL INKS
WHITMAN'S CANDIES
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STETSON SUIT

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